

THE
DESIGN
OF
Part of the BOOK
OF
Ecclesiastes.
OR,
The *Unreasonableness* of Mens restless
Contentions for the present Enjoyments,
REPRESENTED
IN AN
ENGLISH POEM.

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DESIGN

OF

Part of the BOOK

OF

Ecclesiastes

OR

The Wisdom of Man
in the World for the World's Sake

PRESENTED

IN A

NEW EDITION

BY

JOHN H. STODOLSKY

TO THE READER.

THE following Poem is not the effect of any extraordinary *skill*, which I pretend to in Poetry; but was first begun merely as the *exercise* and *diversion* of a few hours, that I was not capable of spending better. For tho (as you will imagine) I had never made Poetry my business, norever intended to try whether I had any *Genius* that way; yet I had in *course* (as others do) read some of the *Latin* and *Greek* Authors, had *now and then* admired the performances of the chief of our own Country-men too, had learned in *some measure* how to form Ideas of things in my mind, and got some *rude* and *more general* conceptions of the nature of Poesy; which was enough for my purpose, who propounded but to fill up some odd unserviceable vacancies in my time, and by being imployed about a proper subject to deceive them more insensibly.

But I was not long permitted thus quietly to entertain my self, the same causes, that disabled me for *better* things, increasing upon me and disabling me for *this too*. So, in short, the few indigested materials, which I had collected among my own thoughts in order to a Poem, were thrown by and forgotten. In this state of neglect they lay for some

The Epistle

years; till lately, tumbling over some other trifles, I found them in the heap, and could not let them pass, *inconsiderable* as they were, without reflecting upon those circumstances, which put me upon this Essay. At last, being once engaged in meditation and led by it from one thing to another, I concluded to go on with what I had begun, and *after my manner* to finish it. This I have done, and (which is more) for some reason or other (forgive me, Reader,) have made it *publick* too.

And here tho I do not discover the reason that hath induced me to publish it; yet if any one shall ever give himself the trouble to guess at it, I will direct his conjecture a little, by telling him, what are *not* the reasons. In the first place, it is not *Interest*. For as it is addressed to no great Name, which I might possibly hope to oblige by it; so neither is it calculated to gratifie any particular humour, that I know of. Nor, again, is it *Ostentation*. For, if that had prevailed in me, I should either have accomplished my self better for such a work; or have attempted something, that I was already better, tho never so *little* better, prepared for; or rather, I should have remained altogether silent, by which Fools are often taken to be wise, and I perhaps might have gained the reputation of knowing my self. Nor, in the third place, was it the *importunity of Friends*. For upon supposition that I have any, and that I have shewed it them, it might be demanded, what made me publish it so far as that; and then, if they did give me a complement, it would be but a rude return, for their civility to make them sharers in my faults.

But to come at length to the thing it self, that is published, I hope it will be found what the Title-page [filled with no promises of mighty matters]

matters] does declare, viz. *The representation of the design of part of the Book of Ecclesiastes, or the Unreasonableness of Men's restless contentions for the present enjoyments, in an English Poem.* And in order to this give me leave to explain this Inscription of it.

I. It is the representation of *Solomon's design.* A *Translation* turns the Words and Idioms of one Language into those of another. A *Paraphrase* exhibits the thoughts and meaning of an Author, either in the same or any other Language, by making just such additions to the Text, or alterations in it, as are necessary to that end. But *this Poem*, tho' it follows the method of *Solomon's*, insists upon his Topicks, and speaks too in his Person, yet does not *precisely* confine it self either to his words or thoughts; but taking the main proposition, or argument, or the like, included in any verse or paragraph, makes bold to represent it after its own manner, frequently inserts what seems conveniently to introduce or illustrate or prove it, and sometimes on the other side omits things of less importance to it.

II. It represents the design but *of part* of the book of Ecclesiastes. This book I take to be a collection of thoughts concerning Happiness, in which the Penman shews sometimes by what it is attainable, and sometimes by what it is not. In the negative part of it he taxes nothing more than *the eager designs and immoderate labours of Mankind, which they undertake only for the sake of secular advantages.* Therefore having just mentioned the general vanity of the World, he immediately infers the unreasonableness of this humane Drudgery for the things of it, and of expecting Happiness from them. But lest this unreasonableness should not be evident enough from a bare single assertion of vanity in

sublunary things, he enumerates some particular Vanities and Evils, that affect these worldly labours; proving, that men get by them, either nothing, or but that which is transient and unsatisfactory. This he does, as occasion serves, through the *whole* Treatise, but the *principal* place, where he insists longest upon it, and in the most uninterrupted series, is from the beginning to chap. 4. v. 7. and this is *that part*, which I have endeavoured to give the drift and intention of. Indeed he hath not quite left the subject in the following Paragraph, but because he there applies himself to a particular sort of men, that have no Son nor Brother, and because I had occasion too to touch upon the like case before, therefore I have followed him no further.

III. It represents *Solomon's design in an English Poem*. Here having given it a name according to those notions I have of Poetry, it may not be improper to let you know, what they are. For however imperfect or false they are, they may still discover what I intended by this appellation.

History I suppose is addressed to the Understanding or Apprehension: and its Excellencies are, the truth of the Relations; a natural and clear disposition of things, shewing their mutual connections and dependencies; and an apt and lively expression, that leaves sufficient Images of them upon the Reader's mind. *Oratory* directs it self not only to the Understanding, but also to the Judgment, or some Passion apt to lead the Person, in whom it is raised, into assent: and its Vertues are therefore, close and conclusive Arguments; a powerful application to the Love or Hatred, Fear or Hope, Compassion or Severity of the Auditory; a method unforced, and easie to be comprehend-
ed;

ed; *language*, that is strong or taking; and a period agreeable to the matter, and falling gratefully upon the ear. But now *Poetry* penetrates through all these to the Admiration also; not only *informs*, or *perswades*, but exceedingly and above all *delights* us too; entertains our Fancy, and curdles our Blood. Here then every thing is more exalted; if the argument be Historical, it is not told directly, but with contrivance and unexpected surprizes (*—Per ambages, decorumq; ministeria, & fabulosum sententiarum tormentum precipitandus est liber spiritus, ut potius furentis animi vaticinatio adpareat, quam religiosa orationia sub testibus fides*, says *Pet. Arbiter*): when the World is to be convinced of the worth of any Person or thing, it is either insinuated with more art, or displayed in more lofty strains: when any Affection is to be moved or allayed, it is handled with more exactness: in fine, the subjects and the topicks insisted upon in pursuit of them, are both more select; the *disposition* of manners, and circumstances of things are delineated more fully and visibly; figures are more frequent and bold; and the words are so placed, as not only to sound well, but Musically. This I take to be the general notion of Poetry, by which it is differenced from the other ways of writing or speaking. But, after all, it must be noted, that when this general account of Poetry is applied to particular Poems, it rises or falls, is more or less conspicuous according to their several natures, which to be sure are not all of the same elevation.

The principal kinds of Poems are, either those that tend to the advancement of *Vertue*: as, the *Epic Poem*, which sets before us the achievements of those, that have been famous and Heroic, as patterns for others in their circumstances: *Tragedy*, which

which teaches us not to over-value or rely upon temporal advantages, by the falls of those who have had the most of them; to be tender-hearted, by using to pity their misfortunes; to be courageous, by looking at their patience; and to be humble, by observing what the greatest of men may come to: *Ode*, that excites our devotion, by singing the attributes of the Deity; or a laudable emulation, by celebrating the praises of some Worthy: *Ecollogue*, which commends to us the innocence of rural life: and *Elegy*, that continues a pious remembrance of the deceased Friends of our Country, of Learning, or our selves: Or those, on the contrary, that tend to depress and discredit Vice: as *Comedy*, which presents to view the faults of common Conversation: and *Satyr*, which by its arguments exposes, not so much men, as their unreasonableness and enormities.

This last is that, which we are now concerned in. I might therefore take this opportunity to tell a long story about that ancient Poem among the *Greeks*, which they called τὸ Σάτυρον or Σάτυρον δράμα; how it was an appendage to Tragedy, and in a manner co-eval to it; and how, as that was invented in honour to *Bacchus*, so this seems to be in honour to those *Satyrs*, who were accounted his συσχεσμένω and Companions. Or I might enter into a dispute about the *Latin* Satyr before *Livius Andronicus's* time: whether it was transplanted from *Greece*, as *Scaliger* thinks, or sprung up again at *Rome* of its own accord, as it had done there before, according to *Casaubon* and the *Romans* themselves. But neither of these are at all like that Satyr, which hath obtained for eighteen hundred years. The *Grecian* Satyr was *Dramatic*, as appears not only from what is said before, but also from

Hor. de Art.
re Poet. v.
220.

Æl. Hist.
var. l. 3. c.
40.

Poet. l. 1.
c. 12.

De Sat.
Hor. l. 1. Sat.
10. v. 66.
Quint. l. 1.
10. c. 1.

from Euripides's *Cyclops* still extant; whereas the more modern Satyr is *Diegetic*. And the old Latin Satyr, tho it might be something better than the first Fescennine Poetry, yet consisted mostly in some incondit effusions of Ribaldry, and a little petulancy of Wit: But the latter, however preserved from the superstition of too critical Rules, is nevertheless become a just Poem, far more regular and polished, and should be more modest and vertuous. To this may be added, that the Primitive Satyr of the Romans was joined with Music and Dancing, and a great deal of gesticulation; and therefore when it had given occasion to Livius Andronicus to introduce elaborate Plays, it was swallowed up in them, or at least annexed to them under the name of *Exodium*. So that the Satyr, which after this Ennius and others, but especially Lucilius, began to write, was new and quite of another nature.

Hor. l. 1.

Sat. 10. v.

67.

Liv. l. 7.

Hor. l. 2.

Sat. l. v. 62.

What this nature is, it is now time to enquire. Some place it in Mirth and Drollery; others in Severity or Acrimony. Those propose Horace for a pattern; and these contend, that Juvenal is for them: But, if I may be admitted to deliver my own opinion freely, I think neither of them are right. For the first, tho it may be of use in Satyr, yet continued through the whole work is Buffoonish, and belongs rather to the *Exodium* of an Atellan Fable, or at best to Old Comedy. And the other, tho it hath a place too in Satyr, yet constantly and rigidly prosecuted is the property of an Iambic or Invektive Poem. Beside, tho Horace hath a very familiar and pleasing Air, yet his discourses are for the most part argumentative and true, and consequently different from that which they call, πικρὸν, that minds jest more than truth, and considers men rather

L. 1. S. 1.

L. 2. S. 2.

Et alibi.

as risible than rational. He must be a man of a pleasant conceit, that can be provoked to laugh by his Arguments against Covetousness, Luxury, &c. tho these (which ought to be noted) do admit of laughter much more naturally than many other subjects. What can be more grave than that reasoning against Intemperance?

L. 2. S. 2.

——— *Vides, ut pallidus omnis
Canâ desurgat dubiâ? Quin corpus onustum
Hesternis vitiis animum quoq; pregravat una,
Atq; affigit humo divine particulam aure.*

Or that answer to him, who to defend this Rioting and Luxury, pleaded the largeness of his Estate, and how well it would bear it?

————— *Ergo
Quod superat, non est melius, quo insumere possis?
Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divise? Quare
Templa ruunt antiqua Deum? Cur, improbe, cara
Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?*

And so, on the other side, tho Juvenal does indeed write generally with more concern and awfulness than Horace, as indeed his subjects most commonly require, yet he is not so hot and violent, as some would make him. Methinks he looks a little like Horace, where he argues against them, that boast of their Family, but do nothing worthy of it:

S. 8. v. 30.

——— *Quis enim generosum dixerit hunc, qui
Indignus genere, & præclaro nomine tantum
Insignis? Nanum cuiusdam Atlanta vocamus, &c.*

And

And presently after :

*Vos humiles, inquis, vulgi pars ultima nostri,
Quorum nemo queat patriam monstrare parentis ;
Ast ego Cecropides. Vivas, & originis hujus
Gaudia longa feras : tamen imâ plebe Quiritem
Facundum invenies : solet hic defendere causas
Nobilis indocti, &c.*

V. 44.

Nay, sometimes he abates so much of his seriousness, as to be even merry ; as, where the Man desires the *sportula* for his absent Wife, pretending her to be in the Litter with him ; where *Laronia* takes up the Philosopher ; where he describes the humour of the *Greeks* ; the account of *Codrus's* fortune ; all that story of the Fish, the Council called upon it, the blind Senators speech and wonderment, &c. The truth is, neither drolling nor inveighing ; nay more, neither pleasantness nor gravity of reprehension (which yet are more properly found in the forementioned Authors) do express the nature of Satyr. They are but *modes* of it, and to be used as occasion requires, sometimes the one, and sometimes the other. For the Satyrist, having variety of matters to treat of, cannot accommodate one sort of Satyr to them all, but must make the complexion of it differing according to the quality of his subject. But to give my thoughts, such as they are, concerning the nature of Satyr, and dispatch what I have to say upon it at once ;

1. As to the matter of Satyr, I suppose it should consist of *Arguments* against something, that is vicious or unreasonable. I know *Lucilius* brought in an evil allay to that perfection, which he first gave this latter Satyr, by levelling it at *Persons* rather than

than *Things*; but in this he must therefore be followed sparingly and with more caution than either he himself, or perhaps *Horace*, *Persius*, or *Juvenal* have used. For a Poet in justice (and, I think, he that pretends to discourage Vice, should not himself give an example of so great a one as Injustice) hath no more power over a Man's *Name*, than over his *Life* or *Estate*. Besides, since Persons are made the subject of Satyr only as vicious or unreasonable, if the fault can be abstracted from the Person, and that destroyed without hurting this, as it will be more *artificial*, so will it be more *effectual*. For these reasons *Varro* and other considerable men, by a *contrary extreme*, totally disclaimed these Personal reflexions of *Lucilius*. For to be impartial, it must be confessed, there are cases, when particular Men may be mentioned; as, when a Man's wickedness is so open and understood, that such liberty begets no new infamy to him; or so very enormous, that he is become as it were an Outlaw to Vertue and Society, and every Man's prey. For in such instances the Poet questionless is permitted the prudent use of a common privilege. Therefore I do not say, *Lucilius* is absolutely not to be imitated in this; but, that he is not to be imitated *commonly*, or *without caution and tenderness*.

2. As to the *manner* of delivering these Arguments, sometimes they ought to be framed by way of *slight and derision*; as, when the thing satyred hath something in its nature or circumstances so ridiculous, that it *admits* not serious treatment; or so mean and base, that it *deserves* it not. The unequal strains of *Tigellius*, in *Horace*; the contrast between *Rupilius* and *Persius*; the wooden *Priapus* and the Witches; the importunity of the Fop; the management of *Damasippus*, and his turning Philosopher;
- L. 1. S. 3.
S. 7.
S. 8.
S. 9.
L. 2. S. 3.

sopher; *Catius's* Kitchen-learning; *Nasidienus's* vanity and fordidness, &c. are things below all arguments, but the bare exposing of them; and since they are ridiculous in themselves, the representation of them must be merry.

3. Some crimes ought not to be medled with, but *seriously*; as, when they are so great, of so deep a dye, of such large extent, or dangerous consequence; that it would be trifling and levity to pretend to ridicule them, or correct them in that way, which is fitted rather for peccadillo's and the fopperies of Mankind; nay, and he might seem to be in a disposition to commit the same, who could be merry under the sense of them: or, when they are but the effects of ignorance or infirmity, especially if invincible; and scarce deserve so much, as to be played with and derided. The former sort should be handled with gravity and good earnest, if not detestation or indignation; the other with compassion and pity. *Juvenal* could not write more properly against the Degeneracy of the later *Romans*, than by shewing them, how unlike this made them, and detestable to their vertuous Ancestors in the other World:

——— *Curius quid sentit, & ambo*

S. 2. v. 153.

Scipiada? quid Fabricius, manesque Camilli?

Quid Cremere legio, & Cannis consumpta juventus,

Tot bellorum anima? quoties hinc talis ad illos

Umbra venit, &c.

Nor against that Cheating, which escapes external Courts, better than by an argument taken from the more certain tortures of Conscience:

Cur

S. 13. v.
192.

— Cur tamen hos tu
Evassisse putes, quos diri conscia facti
Mens habet attonitos, & surdo verberare cadit,
Occultum quatiente animo tortore flagellum? &c.

Nor against that excessive Fear of death, which
frights Men into the commission of evil; than by
considering the religious ends of life :

S. 8. v. 79.

Esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem
Integer, ambigua siquando citabere testis
Incertaeque rei. Phalaris licet imperet, ut sis
Falsus, & admoto dictet perjurio tauro,
Summum crede nefas animam praeferre pudori,
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

He could not well tax Sodomy and such abomi-
nable filthiness in Philosophers and Teachers of
Morality, Cruelty and Iniquity in Magistrates,
Impiety in Priests, and the like, without detestation:

S. 2. v. 1.

Ultra Sauromatas fugere hinc libet & glaciale
Oceanum, quoties aliquid de moribus audent,
Qui Curios simulant, & Bacchanalia vivunt, &c.

Nor the dispoiling an Orphan of his subsistence,
and even forcing him to prostitute himself for
bread, without indignation:

Quid referam, quantâ siccum jecur ardeat irâ,
Cum populum gregibus comitum premat hic spoliator
Papilli prostantis?

Neither, in the last place, could *Perfius* without
some kind of commiseration blame the error of those,
who

who thought the Gods were pleased with Gold; because being ignorant of the Nature of God, they took their measures from that sense of things, which they had themselves; and concluded the Gods delighted in it, because they did:

O curva in terras anima, & caelestium inanes!

S. 2. v. 61.

*Quid juvat hoc, templis nostras immittere mores,
Et bona diis ex hac sceleratâ ducere pulpâ?*

Or of that Young-man, who neglected his opportunities of Learning, through a no-perception of the excellencies and happiness of it:

*O miser, inque dies ultramiser, buccine rerum
Venimus?*

S. 3. v. 15.

4. Many things may be treated either *seriously* or *ridiculously*; as the Poets judgment or inclination shall determine him. Horace gravely reprimands Tullius's Ambition:

Invidia accrevit, privato quæ minor esset.

L. 1. S. 6.
v. 26.

But Juvenal makes sport with Hannibal's:

*Expende Hannibalem, quot libras in duce summo
Invenies?*

S. 10. v.
145.

Nay, the Satyrist in many things hath not only liberty to be either jocular or austere, but even to be either gay or sorrowful. Heracitus bewept the same things that Democritus derided. And Lactantius writes of the consecration of some Heroes among the Heathen, *Equidem stature non possum dolen dūmne De sal. Rel. potius an ridendum putem, cūm videam & graves & l. 1. c. 181 doctos*

doctos & (ut sibi videntur) sapientes viros in tam miserandis errorum fluctibus volutari, &c.

5. Which way ever things are handled, whether gravely or merrily, the arguments ought to be apposite and pat: and if besides the reasonableness of them they contain something, that is *uncommon* or *moderately daring*, some peculiar turn or *unusual thought*, to take the Reader as well as convince him, they are better still. That in *Juvenal* against the Prayers, which were made so earnestly for a long old age, is close enough:

S. 10. v.
190.

*Sed quam continuis & quantis longa senectus
Plena malis? Deformem & tetrum ante omnia vultum
Dissimilemque sui, deformem pro cute pellem,
Pendentisque genas, and tales aspice rugas,
Qualeis, umbriferos ubi pandit Tabrachia saltus
In vetulâ scalpit jam mater sinia buccâ, &c.*

But that in *Horace* against being born Noble and Great is surprising: for he turns those very things into arguments against it, which are the advantages and pleasures, that other People desire it for. If this had been my case, says he, I must then have pursued my opportunities of enlarging my Estate; must have been taken up with visits; could have moved no whither without State and Attendance, &c.

L. 1: S. 6.
v. 100.

— *Mihi continuo major querenda foret res:
Atque salutandi plures: ducendus & unus
Et comes alter, uti ne solus rursus peregrève
Exirem: plures calones atque caballi
Pascendi: ducenda pectorita: nunc mihi curto
Ire licet mulo, vel, si libet, usque Tarentum,
Mantica cui lumbos onere ulceret atque eques armos.*

But

But it is folly to pick particular instances of this kind out of *Horace*; since he abounds with them every where. For his thoughts are generally rational, and yet modified with a sort of newness and delicacy almost proper to himself. And in this it is [not rallery and merriment] that he excels *Juvenal* and all the World beside.

6. The arguments must be *intelligible*; else the end of Satyr is defeated. To this purpose they should all look the same way, and be directed to the proof of some one thing, without that intermixture and confusion of subjects, which so much displeases *Scaliger* in *Horace's* third Satyr of the first Book, and does indeed not so much benefit or delight the Reader, as lose and perplex him. They should also be free from such needless ostentation of learning, as renders them obscure, and is commonly said to be *Persius's* fault. Poet. l. 6.
c. 7.

7. In reproving some Vices a special care must be taken not to expose them *too nakedly* or *particularly*: I mean such, as either natural Modesty restrains those, that have not extinguished it, from talking of; or such, as are either altogether, or in any part, to many unknown. Without this care the Satyrist may set his Readers a pattern of such wickedness, as otherwise they had not thought of; or at least familiarize obscenity and roguery to them, and so dispose them for that, which he writes against. Against this rule *Petronius Arbitr*, and *Juvenal* in many places have sinned beyond all pardon.

Lastly, As to the *character* and *style* of Satyr, it is *bold* and *free* above all other; sometimes it is so great, that nothing can be more; sometimes again as low; and sometimes equable and middle to these; it takes allusions, figures, language and the like;

sometimes from things of the highest nature or esteem; and sometimes from those of the vilest; it accommodates it self to the matter and design in hand, when they require it; and when they do not, to the *Genius* of the Poet, or his present disposition. From this freedom of style it proceeds, that majesty prevails in *Juvenal*, and easiness in *Horace*; and yet notwithstanding this that the former hath some mean strokes, and the other some that are magnifick; as might easily be shewed by particular examples, if there was any occasion.

But notwithstanding this vast liberty of style, which may be used in Satyr without the imputation of a crime, I take it to be a greater degree of excellence to make it as agreeable to the general notion of Poetry, as the sense and design will permit.

To apply all this to our purpose; I call the following lines a Poem, not only because I intended them to be something *above downright Prose*, but more particularly because I designed them for a *Satyr*, containing arguments against *Men's slavish toils in pursuit merely of the things of this World*. Tho in this it may be I have not *exactly* observed my own rules; because I was confined in the main not only to *Solomon's* topicks, but also to a serious way of representing them, lest I should be said to play with Scripture.

But, after all, whether I have hit the right Idea of Poetry, and particularly of Satyr; or whether these Papers do at all answer that Idea, I am not *very solicitous*. For supposing, that my account is not a true one, or not tolerably copied, and so by consequence that, which I have called a Poem, no such thing; the Criticks in Poetry may then indeed blame me for misapplying and profaning a word, but the thing it self, what other denomination so
ever

ever it must bear, will by this means be out of their jurisdiction, which is no contemptible amends.

However before it be degraded for this, or suffer upon any other account, permit me to pre-occupy some of those Objections, which upon the whole I fancy are most likely to be made against it; as,

1. That I have altered the nature of some words by making them *proper*, when they are really *appellative* and *common*. Thus when *Solomon* says, he observed from his window a young Man void of understanding, how he met the strange Woman, &c. I have turned the word, which in the Original signifies young Man, into a Proper Name, and so call him *Naar*. Of this sort too is *Mocker*, *Iccar*, &c.
2. That some things do not consist with the truth of *Chronology*; as, where the name *Parush* is made in allusion to the *Pharisees*, who were later than all the Prophets; and where I use *Teveth* for the name of a month, which was not known among the Jews till the Babylonish Captivity.
3. That other things do not agree with the *History* of the *Jews*; as Statues mentioned among *Solomon's* curiosities; and elsewhere imprisonment for debt; which seem neither of them to be used by that People.
4. That I have alluded to events, which I own *not then come to pass*; as the slaying *Baal's* Prophets, and destruction of *Jerusalem*.
5. That many descriptions of things are *tedious*, especially one or two of War; and that these, beside their disproportioned length, imply too much *horror* and *dislike* of it.
6. That I have misrepresented the *sense* of the Text in many places, or at least am singular. Lastly, That the *verse*, but especially the *Rhimes*, are weak, if not blundered.

My answer to the *first* of these is, That I am excusable in taking this liberty, because the feigning of Names is common among Poets; because per-

haps the generality of Names in their first originals were but appellative; but chiefly because having not History enough before Solomon's days to furnish me with instances for my purpose, I was in a manner forced upon this shift.

Clav.
Script. p. 27.

Ex. 13. 4.
1 K. 6. 1.
8. 2.
6. 38.

In Synop.
Critic.

To the second, That, as to *Parush*, tho there was no Sect of *Pharisees* formed in Solomon's time, yet in all places and ages, there have been canting *Pharisaical* Knaves, who in compliance with their designs, must keep themselves distinguished and separated [פְּרוּשִׁים] from others; and *Hottinger* tells us out of two good Authors, *Scaliger* and *L'Empereur*, that some have been called פְּרוּשִׁים, who were not of the Sect of the *Pharisees*: wherefore I take the Name not from the Sect, but from the common signification of that word. As to *Teueth*, that it might be known among the *Jews* before the Captivity, tho there was no occasion for the mentioning of it before that time: that probably it was known, because they had names for other months, as *Abib*, *Zif*, *Ethanim*, *Bul*, &c. and it is very unnatural to have names for some, and not for all: that however, granting it to be a *Chaldee* word, *Hebrew* and *Chaldee* are but different dialects of the same Language, between which there hath always been a familiar communication: that the more modern *Jews* do not only frequently draw *Chaldee* words into their *Rabbinical* writings, but *Grotius* tells us, that even in this *Ecclesiastes* there are *multa vocabula quæ non alibi quàm in Daniele, Esdra, & Chaldaïs interpretibus reperias*: and that therefore if the word be not so old among the *Jews* as *Solomon*, yet the *Jews*, and particularly the Author of this book, have authorized this way of borrowing from the *Chaldeans*.

To the *third*, That, as to Statues, Mr. Cowley as- David. b. i.
serts the civil use of them among the elder Jews; n. 20.
tho the rigour of the later would not accept of their
liberty in this case. And as to imprisonment for
debt, our Saviour mentions it, *Mat. 5. 25, 26. &*
18. 30. upon the first of which places *Grotius* ob-
serves, *Hinc apparet, apud Judeos, iridem ut apud Gra-*
ecos Romanosq; solitos fuisse in carcerem conjici, qui se are In Synop.
alieno non exsoluebant. Critic.

To the *fourth*, That *Solomon* being a Prophet, and
the things mentioned in the Objection great enough
to be worthy the notice of a Prophetic Spirit, it
can be no extraordinary fault to make him hint them
to the World beforehand.

To the *fifth*, That, as to the general part of the
charge, perhaps the whole Poem may be too long,
unless it were better. But as to that particular of
War, I thought it was necessary in consideration
of *Solomon's* character, to make him represent it as
his great aversion; nay, so great, that when he hap-
pened to meet with the subject any where, he
should scarce be able to contain himself: for his
Name, his Wealth, his Enjoyments, his Studies,
his Wisdom, all speak him a more than ordinary
friend to Peace.

To the *sixth*, That if I am now and then driven
upon a singular interpretation to make the Text
coherent, it is no great wonder; since it seems to
be almost an *אסתר נאמא*, containing (as *Aben*
Ezra says) *הדברים שעלו על הלב*, and therefore of a
very difficult connection; and since most Interpreters In Com-
ment.
are singular upon this book. However, to shew
how *unwilling* I am to be thought guilty of pervert-
ing the sense of the holy Writings, I have annex-
ed a Paraphrase and a few Notes, which together,
by the Paratheses added to the Text in the former,
and

and by the accounts of more material or controverted words in the latter, may serve to shew, that my way of understanding this part of *Ecclesiastes*, which is the ground of the subsequent Poem, is neither very inconsistent nor unreasonable.

To the *last*, That I take not any Rhimes, much less my own, to be worth either defending or excusing. For as I confess my self awkward at making them, so am I ignorant of their excellence, when they are made; and as they gave me more trouble, than all the rest, so have they done me that other mischief of cramping my Thoughts, and in great measure spoiling the Verse; tho, as it luckily falls out, a naughty Verse is a less fault in Satyr than in any thing else. Had I been hardy enough like some others (which too late I wish) to have broken a barbarous custom, and freed my self from the *troublesome and modern bondage of Rhiming* (as Milton calls it) the Business, which now immediately follows, had been something better than it is.

Pref. to
Par. lost.

I reckon up these as the most *obvious*, not as the *only* Objections, that can be made; for I doubt not, but either *affection* to the World, which is here accused of Vanity, or *disaffection* to him, that represents the accusation, will soon find out more. But since it cannot be expected, that I should divine or speak particularly to them; in general, Reader, I beg your pardon, if I have obtruded any thing upon you offensive to your taste and better Judgment. This I hope *the rather* to obtain, because as I was never troublesome to the World by my Poetry before, so in probability never shall be again.

W. W.

THE
DESIGN
OF
Part of the BOOK
OF
Ecclesiastes:

OR,
The *Unreasonableness* of Men's restless
Contentions for the present Enjoyments,
Represented.

THE Words, *Satyrical Words*, that once did flow
From th' uncorrupted Pen of *Shelomoh*,
True Son of him, who first from some ag'd Beech,
The Echo of the *Bethlehem* Groves did teach

The In-
scription
of the
book of
Ecclesiastes
applied to
this first
part of it;
To ch. I. v. I.

To answer, as he play'd his rural themes,
 The bleating Ews [his care] or wanton Lambs;
 But soon (so did he *ripen* and aspire)
O' regrew the Pipe to touch the nobler Lyre,
 Compos'd such lofty Odes and mighty Lays,
 As all the other Poets ne're could raise,
 And merited a double Diadem,
 At once Prince both of *Israel* and them.
 For following him *Kobelesh* learnt to sing,
 Thus to *decry*, and yet *charm* every thing.

The ge-
 neral Va-
 nity of
 Worldly
 things
 propound-
 ed, ch. 1.
 V. 2.

UNHAPPY thought! How like a *Bubble's* all
 This *frothy globe* of World, this *empty ball*!
 For look how wide's the *view* of Heaven's eye,
 Or compass of its *spangled tapestry*;
 How wide the outmost superface of Place,
 That *coops* us in Imaginary space:
 So large is VANITY's deceitful face.


When Nature in her *swadling-cloaths* was laid,
 And God th' almighty Parent pleas'd survey'd,
 The *new-born limbs* his plastic Spirit had made,

He

He then pronounc'd all good, 'tis true : but how ?

'Twas in the way, that we describe 'em now.


To every thing some end does appertain

(Not *Vanity* it self was made *in vain*;) 

That's good, which truly does this end attain.

Good then the World may properly be said;

Because it answers th'ends for which 'twas made.

But if th' eternal Cause at first design'd 

By vanity of things these ends to find;

Then vanity and goodness may be join'd.

What, tho the World a *set* of wonders is,

In shape exact, and undefin'd in size;

In which a thousand *stamps* and *marks* proclaim

Th' *Artificer's* uncontroverted name ;

Tho 'tis with pleasing Landskip over-spread ;

Tho 'tis with stately Lodgings furnished ;

Tho't does some, some good Company afford

(For but a little does deserve that word) ;

Tho't does delicious viands too supply,

And every Sense has something to enjoy ?

For

For God with purpos'd kindness for our good
 'Mong all these pleasures *Vanity* has strow'd;
 Such circumstances, as their *sweets* allay,
 Or make their *fading colours* soon decay:
 Lest Cully Man should be provok'd to love
 The things below, *deserting* those above.

The rest-
 less La-
 bours,
 with
 which
 Mankind
 neverthe-
 less pur-
 sues them,
 ch. I. v. 3.

WHAT latent cause and powerful deceit
 Makes him his Maker's caution then defeat,
 Crowding his life with troublesome affairs,
 More than his *wants* require, or *day* bears?
 Whence comes his unaccountable expence
 Of spirits [the *Ministers* of life and sense.]
 Of strength, and days consum'd with all the pains
 Desire exacts, or patience sustains?
 Nay more, why does he *break* his inward peace,
 And give his moving thoughts no *truce* for ease,
 Levying a *Host* of projects what to do,
 Which way with *speed* his profit to pursue;
 While several *Parties* of divided cares
 In flame his head with their *intestine wars*,

Besiege the calmer regions of the brain,
And fright the poor *Inhabitant* within,
Where it on its Conarion does reign?

Here *Mocho* bustles in a thronged shop,
That swallows all his hours to feed his hope;
And pants, by business elbow'd every way,
Within the narrow limits of the day.

There sails a *Tyrian* by some distant star,
Bolder than fits of men in deep despair:

Tho winds *disswade* aloud, tho gulfs do aim
With their wide gaping mouths to do the same;
Yet on he drives to gain his forreign shore,
Lusting to ravish thence its secret store,
It's very bowels modify'd in Oar.

While *Iccar* keeps within his native sphere,
Always at home, yet too a Traveller:

For daily traping o're his spacious fields
He views their state, and what each of them yields;
O'relooks his flocks; o'relooks his Men, that Plow,
Or [his own emblem] corn and fodder mow;

While

While sweat, the curse, that *vanquish'd* all our Race,
In *pearly* drops does *triumph* on his face.

And when the Sun hath left mount *Gilead*,
And sinking turns on us the Earths broad shade;
He late returns th' *arrears* of rest to take,
Which with himself he *sick'd* e're Morning brake.

But oh that here the catalogue might close !
For still worse ends men to themselves propose ;
And still worse roads to reach their goals they choose. }
Methinks I see the crafty *Gilonite*,
Broke from the cords of duty and of right,
Within his Study [forge of treasons] sit,
And scratching prompt his head and stir his Wit,
Seeking through policy and State essays
Himself, tho by his Master's fall, to raise.
While *Absalom* (what pity't should be he !)
The fairest Youth e're blotted Family, }
A more compendious Rebel strives to be ;
Through *Davia's* and his Father's breast would bore
A purple passage to the Sovereign power.

The *Arab* there by robbery and stealth,
Drudges to find a nearer cut to wealth ;
With danger makes the Traveller to stand,
Rides hard all day, and lodges on the sand.
Here subtler *Parush* archly does contrive,
By whine and grave hypocrisy to thrive.

And as the Bulls all o're the Pastures rove
To vent that excrement their lust does move ;
So *Naar* proles about, and wakes all night
To serve the self same bestial appetite :
Till with his life the bliss perhaps he *buys*,
Or *spilt* at once in fighting for the prize,
Or slowly *melted* by a *hot* disease
(A noble end ! The *Phœnix* thus expires
Near *Heliepol*, and boldly broods on fires.)
But *Rehab-nephesb*, in another chase
And *love* engag'd, for Honour's false *embrace*,
Descends to *moor* the senseless populace ;
Or lifts himself to all the feats of War,
Fate's laborious Executioner.

Here he in tedious marches spends the day ;
 The night in watching hardly wears away ;
 Or else the grizly images of Death
 In dreams disturb that little sleep he hath.
 And when the ruffled Colours angry meet,
 And hacking steel in clashes *speaks* a fight ;
 When Death *unmanacled* does domineer,
 How're things go, the greatest Conquerour ;
 When Souls in *scarlet* vehicles do fly
 Up toward the Mansions of eternity,
 And with their numbers almost cloud the sky :
 The doughty Heroe shews himself all brave,
 And struts upon the *margin* of the grave.
 Through hills of carcasses and lakes of blood,
 He seekshis Mistriks and admired Good ;
 To lengthen whose dear *life* he welcomes *death*,
 And kind at last *bequeaths* her his own breath.
 These and a thousand thousand more such *ways*,
 We fools our several Vanities do *trace*,
 And heavily life's short allotment pass.

For shadows we our solid good betray;
While time, that ne're looks backward, sherks away.
For tho one might expect, that all these *throne*
And *travel* mighty *births* must needs produce;
Yet from the *labouring* mountains comes a Mouse.
For either they their wish'd for *issue* miss,
Or else th'acquest but small, or transient is.

TRANSIENT it is, cause man himself is so;
Only a short Probationer below;
And when his tryal's o're, then he must go.
Tho *Ophir* were by one alone possess'd,
Or *Mammon* all engroft into his chest:
Tho he the *center* of delights might be
Drawn in from all the World's *periphery*:
Tho he had fitted out, and *fledg'd* his name
With all the *never-moulting* *plumes* of fame:
Tho all authority and power met
To make him only, eminently great:
Yet when he's *press'd* that *unknown* *Cape* to make
Beyond the grave [a *voyage* all must take;]

The Un-
reasona-
bleness of
these La-
bours pro-
ved,
I. From
the short-
ness of
Man's life;
who can-
not long
enjoy the
product of
them, ch:
I.v.4. to 8.

Then

Then all these things, tho' with his toil obtain'd,
 He must put off upon the living *Strand*,
 And but a naked Ghost the *Bark* *conscend*;
 As naked as a *virgin* Soul does *lie*,
 Not *dress'd* nor *wedded* to a Body yet,
 (They say) in some close *room*, which we forget,
 And darker *chamber* of Philosophy.
 If bulky Empires bow to rigid fate,
 Grow up, decay, and die, and after that
 Their *Giant limbs* and State are lost : much less
 May we escape, that are their particles.
 Men a successive circling motion have :
 These come into the Seats, which others leave,
 When they in course or complaisance give way,
 Revolving back into their former clay :
 Thus Stars through heaven's mighty *whirlpool* roll,
 And follow one another round the Pole.
 The Sun i'th' morning brings us day and heat ;
 And then the *bashful* sparks they soon *retreat* :
 Again he leaves us, and his *death* the night
 Becomes the *resurrection* of their light.

Thus

Thus Winds perform their circuits through the air,
Which them from point to point does onward bear;
Till having wander'd all the Compass o're,
They just return, where they set out before.

Thus Waters from the great Abyss derive,
Nor of its standard fulness it deprive.
For tho they slyly steal away and creep
To springs through Nature's hidden *conduit-pipes*;
Not long they keep conceal'd, but must appear
To pay their *tribute* to some Current near,
Or tho *invited* by the *courteous* Sun
To *visit* his superiour region,
They rise in breathing vapours, as they go
Seeming to quit th' inferiour *kin* below;
Not long they stay sublime to *revel* there,
And take their *rambles* o're the Atmosphere:
For over-loaded it does quickly bend,
And they thrown down in broken drops descend:
The shower then to brooks or rivers falls,
By soaking pores o'th' Earth or *troughs* of Vales.

And these uniting streams *draw down* again
To *muster* all their *Forces* in the Main.

II. From
the unsa-
tisfatori-
ness of
those
things,
that are
the ob-
jects of
them, ch. 1.
v. 8. to 12.

BUT grant a lasting attribute to man,
Which yet he never had, nor ever can :
Grant it were long, e're he did thus rebound
Downward, reciprocating to the ground :
Grant, he alive, his Grandson's Heir more scores
Of years could count, than all the Patriarchs hours :
Nay, grant his life-time were indefinite,
No death, nor any *glimpse* of death in *sight*
With *gastly shape* the mortal to *affright* :
Yet still, even then, we hardly could descry
The smallest *pay* of true felicity,
Fit to *reward* the Gainer's industry.
These present things for all that *tawdry dress*,
With which our forward Senses they entice,
Are but illusion, not realities.
What ever *smiling charms* they seem to wear,
At our approach the *Fantoms* disappear ;
And when we'd *clasp* the joy, there's nothing there.

But

But then howe're they otherwise may please,
They cannot pair with *thinking* Substances.

This World does in its narrow ring contain
Nothing can fill the roomy Soul of Man.

Can any objects fill the eye or ear ?

They but *digest* the entering light or air ;

And then for other objects they prepare.

Material joys much less can fill the *Mind* :

For still there's something, something still behind.

And yet what is there more for us to try,

Untry'd by avarice or luxury,

Which often thous'd provoke our just despair

Of finding any thing, that's worth much care ?

For men have long observ'd and us'd all means,

That shew'd themselves with any fair pretence ;

Balking no opportunity they met

Pimping to their insatiate appetite :

But still whatever methods they go through,

No holding-satisfaction does accrue.

Always unfixt from this to that they move

By turns the matter of their hate and love.

What they but now admired, again they flight,
And so it sleeps in long oblivion's night.

III. From
Solomon's
own more
general
testimony
concern-
ing the
things,
that are
pursued in
them, ch. 1.
v. 12. to
ch. 2.

I WHO this pungent doctrine now propose
So painful to our Mammonists and Beau's,
And which but few think orthodox and sound
(The Many seldom in the right are found),
Like some defeated Lover, do not write
To gratify revenge and please my spite,
Calling the World and pleasure Vanity,
Because they've been unkind and strange to me.
No, I more of its favours have receiv'd,
Than e're, when I had leave to ask, I crav'd,
Or Envy would hereafter have believ'd.
Witness thou Sun, who often seest me shine
With rays not much inferiour to thine!
Witness thou Porch of judgment, which dost hear
The awful sentences I utter there!
Witness ye massy Pillars that support
The roof and thwarting cedars o're that Court!
Witness that Throne, which Elephants club'd to make
And couchant Lions bear upon their back!

Witness

Witness ye Seed of *Abraham*, that stand
 Beneath the shadow of my scepter'd hand !
 Witness thou *India's* Golden Chersonese,
 Whose mountains my repeated Fleets made less !
 Witness my Knowledge that best boon from God,
 Which more than all lifts me above the Crowd :
 My knowledge, more than through all ages past
 The *Arabs* or *Chaldeans* have profest :
 Greater than that, which [wondrous too] did grace
 The four fam'd Poets of good *Zerah's* race :
 So great, astonish'd Princes from afar,
 Their Legates sent to pay their homage here,
 To th' intellectual Worlds great Emperour !

And as no fullen mood or prejudice
 From disobliging usage does arise :
 So neither want of diligence to see,
 Or power to judge *veils* any thing from me.
 Nought I assert, but what I've fully known ;
 I, who am gray in long experience grown.
 For being with wealth sufficient qualify'd,
 And with a piercing Judgment fill'd beside

[E're since in *Gibeon* wak'd I saw methought
 A *brighter morn* within than that without,
 A light which through my *closed eye-lids* came,
 When Truth *rose* on me in a *midnight-dream*]
 I set my self to search the Universe,
 But first to see what censure that which near it
 Does lie, this little portion of it, bears,
 And, after all, the *entertainments* here
 Are poor and *thin*, mere *disting* on Air,
 Which wise *Parveyers* will not fetch too far:
 There's no expedient; no, no remedy:
 Crooked and straight shall in one thought agree
 Sooner than they cease to be Vanity.

Amaz'd indeed and struck my self with this,
 A while I stood *arrested* with surprize,
 But when the *melancholy bonds* were broke,
 I thus within my self reflecting spoke.
 See, I am now *advanc'd* to great estate,
 Which was the *white* my *aims* all pointed at.
 Both riches, grandeur, pleasures, and renown,
 With their united *lustre* gild my Crown,

Which

Which proudly thus *embellish'd* does *outshine*
 The humble glories of old *Heber's* Line,
 And like a *lamp* shall *light* my name and me,
 Through all the *dusky* Ages yet to be.
 But yet what profit do I *reap* by this?
 Only a larger *crop* of Vanities.
 For all these *blazes* but beguile the eye;
 While underneath the *dazzling shine* does lie
 A *sooty crust* of foul deformity.
 Knowledge, tho best companion here indeed,
 It self does *something* of vexation breed.
 To know brings with it an *alloy* of pain,
 Confused thoughts, a hot and aking brain,
 Many doubts to be resolv'd and knots unty'd,
 Many fly errors hard to be deny'd,
 Much curiousness scarce to be satisfy'd.
 Beside there's *nauseous* work, that does infest
 A Scholar's life, and ever *moves* his *breast*.
 For Logic first and Rhetoric must teach
 Many useles rules for Reason and for Speech:

And when that's o're, still he's oblig'd to read
 The *extremes* of every *looser* Head;
 When *motions* of State shall *squirt* 'em out,
 Or needless Controversies set a foot.
 He must not always look for honest sense
 In books; but crambe's, lies, impertinence,
 No exercise of *Parts*, but *patience*.
 Thus Learning's *sower'd* [too *sweet* for us, if not!]
 And *poison*'s made of life's best *antidote*.

IV. From
Solomon's
experi-
ence, and
a closer
examina-
tion, of
some par-
ticulars,
that
are most
admired
and la-
boured
 for, ch. 2.

BUT hold, tho Knowledge and the Fairy scenes
 Of Students watching in their lonesome dens,
 Some Worldling cries, have many *real* frights
 Immixt with their *fantastical* delights;
 Tho other better things than these there be,
 That *bilk* our wishes quite or in degree:
 Yet tho your rule in many things be true,
 It has its many just exceptions too.
 For there are, which too generally you blame,
 Some things adapted to our carnal frame,
 That can an equal recompence bestow
 For all the pressing toils we undergo.

Such are the pleasures, which our Bodies crave,
The proper guerdon labouring Bodies have:
For sure God did not Bodies just create
To serve a Soul, a thought, we know not what.
To what poor end was he at this expence
Of making Objects fitted to our Sense,
If we may'nt use the means to make them meet,
And two such *Friends* as those must never greet?
Why were we not all Soul, and sent to dwell
With meager Spirits and Forms intangible?

But hold again. This common plea I know;
And have examin'd, whether it be so,
Not only by a slight or general view,
But by particular induction too,
Expecting once to find as much as you.

My first essay was Mirth and gay efforts
Procur'd by jolly Company and sports.
For this I saw all men are apt t' admire:
This is the business of each well-spleen'd Quire.
When they in friendly Feasts or Clubs combine;
This is their first, this is their last design:

As, i.
Mirth, v. i,
2.

Nor

Nor do they budge, or sneakingly retire,
Till *dying* Laugh with *fainting* jaws expire.

But would you *learn* more perfectly this trade
Of Mirth, its cause, intrigues, and how 'tis made,
From what was then observ'd and seen by me ?

A short *Apprentiship* may make you free.

First labour by discourse to win applause ;

And therefore rote it o're at every house :

'Twill make you ready. But especially
Take care among your Common Places be
Of *tuant* stories a large treasury.

Be they or true or false, the thing's all one,
So they are *sting'd* with some sharp jest or pun.

A skilful touch o'th' Mimic too does well,

If *jaunting* hands and writhen features tell

Their share of all. And if compleat you'd be,

To these add confidence and drollery.

(For as for News, what's done at *Babylon*,

In *Egypt*, *Persia*, or here in Town,

That's dry, and chiefly fits a Prophet's Son.)

If these Arts fail, then you must fall to Play
To pass your time [and money both] away.

Or 'twill be necessary complaisance,

Among the Female kind, to sing, or dance:

If sing; then choose a Song of Love does treat:

For that a secret pleasure does beget.

If dance; when Music vibrates on the strings,

And general *Tarantulism* begins,

Be sure you gently squeeze your Lady's hand,

And tell her silent what she'll understand.

'Tisten to one but she returns a smile;

And that's the happiness, for which you toil,

These are the ways of Merriment; which try'd,
Judgment was easy: Vanity! I cry'd.

When th' awful *Word* hereafter shall demand,

How well employ'd we such an hour did spend;

'Twill be a quaint response to say, I play'd

A game or two at Bowls with neighbour *Gad*;

Or heard our *Isaac* gibe or tell a tale;

Or led up *Madam Cosh* at a Ball.

Beside

Beside there's something in this frolick strain
 Seems mad, or anticke, to a thinking Man : And yet
 To see Folks move, as if some Magic skill
 Would neither let 'em go, nor hold 'em still ;
 Or valiant Knight of *Israel's* ancient blood,
 Poorly pursue a trundling piece of wood ;
 Or some great Company on purpose met,
 As't were for business, in a circle sit,
 And please themselves confus'dly to declaim
 Of what's not true, or not belongs to them ;
 Or else contend for mastery in droll,
 At which one winded Scold would beat 'em all.
 And what's the end ? To laugh ; and that's no more
 But one dull repetition o're and o're,
 In which there's no great matter to be seen
 For as some laugh, just so do others grin.

Suppose it's article of rising Mirth,
 A shade disrobd of prejudice and earth,
 Or Angel, in a suit of *crystal* gear
 Should come unseen, unheard, to see and bear
 The various tricks and many humours there.

Mean

Mean while some deal their jests and free discourse,
And some *prop'd* Noddles are but Auditors.

At last the intermitted laugh breaks out
Much like that noise, when Pageants born about
Provoke the *ovant Mobile* to shout.

And then what odd, deform'd, peculiar ways
Men have to spoil the muscles of a Face!

What motly *peals*, how dissonant and loud,
Astonish all the wondering Neighbourhood!

If passion e're *assaults* a Spirit's breast,
I dare divine this would disturb his rest,
So different from the Music of the Blest.

He his Ethereal substance would contract,
And shrugging thus within himself reflect.

Sure life's a *dream*, in which *imagin'd sight*
Does shew these men wild *Draughts* of false delight,
But not one glance of death; else they'd prepare
For that new life, when they must *wake* elsewhere:
Not waste this time, but use it, e're't be gone;
And catch the dropping sands, before they're run.

Thus

Thus all in haste the tired Ghost would fly
 The loathed confines of Mortality,
 And bear deep signs of anger up on high.

i. Wine,
 v. 3.

This pleasure answering not the vogue't had won,
 To th' Vine I made my application,
 Noting according to my first intent
 The true effects of this experiment.
 Oft I had heard the qualities of Wine
 Describ'd in Dithyrambics as divine :
 How't bears up men in *soaring* ecstasies,
Wing'd with the *vapours* from their glasses rise :
 Makes Beggars rich, and Subjects great as Kings
 [Pleasing, tho but imaginary things] :
 To trembling Cowards valour does impart,
 And like some Waters *petrify* the heart :
 Gives what more sparing Nature does deny,
 And others plod for, Art and Poetry
 (Poor Nature dares not always spend so high) :
 No heats, no thoughts like those this liquid *fire*,
 In noble Breasts does *kindle* and inspire ;

Thoughts,

Thoughts, that remain behind, when we are gone,
And make us live to be for ever known.

What is it, that the mighty Vine can't do?

'Tis both the Tree of *life* and *knowledge* too.

Thus fill'd with glosing hopes of something more,
Than in that fiddling Mirth I found before;

And fondly deeming I had hit the joy,

Which could reward Men's labours and employ;

A *remedy* at least for all their grief,

Wherewith to *cure* the *malady* of life;

Much satisfaction sliding to my heart

Doubled th' exulting pulses of that part,

Which with a secret tickle roll'd from thence,

And hasted through the gratulating veins,

(So was I mov'd) with their more rapid streams

To tell the outworks and more distant limbs.

I thirsted for a taste of that new bliss,

The bare conceit of which could do all this.

With speed I got those Liquors, that abroad

Were celebrated most for choice and good.

And

And Vineyards of my own beside *I nurs'd*,
 So rich, their *breasts* unpress'd did almost burst.
 Such were the clusters *Baalhamon* bred;
 And those adorn'd mount *Carmel's* fertile head:
 Mount *Carmel*, which with *pride* looks down upon
 The sober element of weak *Kishon*;
Carmel, whose sides *Bel's* Prophets not so red
 Shall die, as have the Grapes, that for me *bled*.
 So with their racy juice I crown'd my bowl,
 And in that bath I wash'd, I drown'd my Soul.
 Not the scorch'd Mower all dissolv'd in sweat,
 And then drunk up with sucking Sun and heat,
 More greedily does snatch the welcome pot,
 His now transpired Spirits to recruit,
 When he from *Gibeah's* Meadows comes, than I
 Diving to find that *Pearl*, Felicity.

How weak and credulous a thing is Man,
 Obnoxious to every small trepan,
 That seems to whisper pleasure in his ear,
 Tho not the least ingredient of't be there!

For all the great Encomiums of Wine
 (Tho none I'm sure deserv'd 'em more than mine)
 Are only rants of Men in drunken fits,
 And empty *visions* of *enchanted* Wits ;
 Which they themselves next morning must deny,
 When sleep *unspells* the *charming* fallacy,
 And clears the *mists*, that on their Judgments lie :
 When the suggesting active Spirits flown,
 And all the fair Idea's *dead* and *gone*,
 Only the *ashes* of *departed* Sin,
 To be *lamented o're*, remain within,
 And Thoughts, that *stalk* about them, tho unseen.

Briefly (for tho my Post did not permit,
 That Fuddling or the base effects of it
 Should touch me, as they use [too oft] to do
 The meaner Members of some tippled Crew ;
 Yet what I *felt* not, came within my *view*)
 Let them, who've seen the Pagan Priests outdone,
 Or raving Bedlams in a Summer Moon :
 Them, who have spew'd, till Eyes with tears infus'd
 Wept as it were to find themselves abus'd :

D

Them,

Them, who with frequent falls and nastiness
 Have reel'd home loathsome Spectacles of vice :
 Them, whose light Pockets and dishonest scars
 Have of their fault been dear Remembrancers :
 Or them, whose tumid face and shooting head
 Have once confin'd 'em to a fulsome bed :
 Let them, experienc'd Persons, if they please,
 Or can, be Advocates for Drunkenness ;
 Which for my part I must profess I hate
 More than recoiling stomach does its meat,
 Or eager Lovers an unthought defeat,
 Or oft-crown'd Valour to be overcome,
 Or crowding Nature does a *Vacuum*.

3. Magni-
 ficence
 and
 Wealth in
 Buildings,
 Gardens,
 Fountains
 and Pools,
 Servants,
 Cattel,
 Money,
 and Mu-
 sic, v. 4.
 to ch: 3.

As when the Sun's enlarg'd from some thick Cloud,
 Which it before in sable *plaights* did shroud,
 He darts his radiant *shafts* the fiercer round,
 And with his glittering *arms* gilds all the ground :
 Just so when time my Reason did restore,
 Which grossest *fogs* of Wine had cover'd o're,
 Methought it seem'd more *glorious* to appear,
 With an effulgence far more *bright* and *clear* ;

'Cause

'Cause 'twas more valuable than before,
 And more inform'd; and never on that score
 To be *obscur'd* and *over-clouded* more.
 Thus I became more soberly inclin'd,
 Something more harmless, if I could, to find;
 Some innocenter *Delicate* for sense
 (For tru'st delights consist in innocence.)
 The likeliest thing, that did it self suggest,
 Was Buildings, such as might my fancy *feast*,
 And fitly *entertain* a royal *Guest*.
 Therefore left clumsy work or long delay;
 Should *pall* or wear my *appetite* away,
 Of Servants larger numbers I employ'd,
 Than all the costly Kings on Earth beside.
 Have you observing seen th' industrious Bees
 Perform their constant round of Offices?
 Some *straggle* all the fields and gardens o're,
Plundering the *wealth* of every *richer* Flower:
 Others already fill'd with *spoils* abroad,
 Till their silk wings crack almost with the load,

By wondrous skill the easiest journey choose,
 To reach their common home and *Rendezvous* :
 Others by *Companies* relieving these,
March out to all the fragrant *Provinces* :
 Others are watchful *Guards* to drive away
 Their Dronish *enemies* and Bees of prey :
 While others *pitch* and curiously contrive,
 Their *tents* in hexagons spread through the hive.
 Thus now engag'd and mov'd by our Command,
 Builders and Workmen *swarm'd* about the land.
 Some indigested rude materials sought,
 Which others with *Sidonian* axes cut,
 Or with their Saws, or Plains, or Chisels wrought. }
 Full thirty thousand, a List fit for war,
 Under the faithful *Adoniram's* care,
 Beside good *Hiram's* Forces join'd to that,
 Did whole *Libanian* woods depopulate.
 And thrice as many to be added yet
 Such mighty Stones did from the Quarries get,
 As might be own'd their *Children* without shame
 By those *big-belly'd* Mountains, whence they came ;
 While

While other seven Myriads did convey
 The monstrous burdens home.
 Nor wanted Metals : For a numerous Fleet
 Brought hither these beyond all count or weight.
 At last all touch'd by *Hiram's* dextrous tools,
 Or those at least that copy'd from his rules,
 Such Structures to their just completion brought,
 Not working Melancholy e're fram'd a Plot
 More noble at th' expence of very thought.
 Their arduous ridges rear'd themselves so high
 O're rooms of state and vast capacity,
 Ith' *Sky* they seem'd to fix their proud abode,
 Where *twinkling* Vanes new *Constellations* show'd.
 Now, *Babel*, cease to tell thy Walls; and cease,
Memphis, to vaunt thy barbarous Miracles.
 Beside that Temple, which I first did raise
 For God's own Name and residence a place :
 Where every roof, and wall, and post, and door
 Was clad with bright *Parvaim's* purest Oar,
 And grav'd with curious figures, flowers, and trees,
 Among which thick flew Seraphic Images :

Where two large Cherubs shaded with their wings
 The seat and archives of the King of Kings:
 Where broider'd Tissue madethe mystic fence:
 Where golden Altar *breath'd* up frankincense:
 Where golden tables, golden vessels were
 (Gold was the only metal *durst* come there;
 And when it came, seem'd too to *blush* for fear):
 Where, answering to this inward glorious side,
 Without stood molten Pillars, whose tall heads
 With nets, and chain-work wreaths were covered:
 Without the Holocausts our faults did bear
 Upon an Altar twenty cubits square
 (It need be strong, when such a weight is there):
 Without in brazen banks fresh waves did play;
 Fresh, tho they were inclosed in a Sea:
 Without courts, porches, lodgings did abound,
 Which *Parian* walls in order compass'd round.
 Beside all this. — And yet from this
 My other unnam'd fabricks you may guess,
 What cost and skill requir'd to finish them;
 Such as the towers of our *Jerusalem*,

Millo, Megiddo, Tadmor, Baalath,

And many more the *stumbling-stones* of faith,

So numerous and great : But chiefly those

I founded for my own immediate use,

My Palace, and my forrest Summer-house.

But feeble language labours more to *express*,

Than I did to *effect*, their sumptuousness.

For marble there, there cedar, there gold shone,

Confounding rays with paint, and precious stone,

Whose *lambent flames* and *ever-waking light*,

Kindled that middle darkness of the night,

Which with its revolution *speckers* time

In every other meaner place and clime.

Nor was the matter only rare, but Art,

Which God in hidden manner did impart

To make me great by things as yet unknown,

Prevented Ages late perfection.

For many things I had carv'd with such care,

Tho done of old, they seem'd reared there :

And Worthies look'd with such vivacity,
 As if, risen from the Dead, they came to see
 Themselves excell'd, and to admire me:
 Me, whose own Statue too was there, so true,
 That puzzled, which was I, *my self* scarce knew.
 VVith these I neither should omit, nor can,
 The House I made for my *Egyptian*,
 Beyond the *Pyramids*, that she had seen,
 VVorthy my royal Bride and *Israel's* Queen.
 For state and softness temper'd did conspire
 To give the work a character like her.

And as a fit appendage to all this,
 Gardens I made, that equall'd *Paradise*.
 Like it the chosen plat of peerless soil
 VVas stor'd with all delights, was *Eden* all,
 VVith all the prime of *Vegetables* fill'd,
 That sweetly on their great Spectator smil'd.
 No Serpent, no Forbidden fruit was there;
 But all was *innocent* as well as *fair*.
 The well-plac'd trees in decent order grew,
 VVith equal prospects every way quite through.

Among

Among them those, which Nature made to bear
The Orange, Cherry, Apple, Plumb, or Pear,
(Beside Pomgranates, Olives, Dates, and Nuts,
And all our other kinds of Eastern fruits)
Their several sorts of dangling *pendants* wore,
Not at their *ears*, but proudly deck'd *all o're*.
And those she made with different intent
Only for shelter and for ornament,
That Sun, which gives them life, from us to fence,
The Limes, the Planetrees, or *Idean* Pines,
Let down a spreading *canopy* of shade,
Through which no *prying* ray could me *invade*.
(So when some furious Father aims his power,
Burning with wrath, at his inferiour ;
His eldest, tallest Son does interpose,
And kindly intercepts his Parent's blows)
For in the walks, that underneath these lay,
I oft *deceiv'd* the hottest gleam of day :
VWhile all their leaves *inspired* with the wind,
And trembling with the motion left behind,

In rustling *conforts* join'd : and as they play'd,
 Themselves *dan'd* to the Music which they made.
 At a due distance from this *Guard* of trees
 Grew tender flowers by their *Families* :
 The *Sharon* Rose, that kindly left it's home
 For Court, where modest blushes rarer come ;
 The Crown Imperial, fitter for the place,
 As both its name declare and stately grace ;
 Tulips, and Lillies, *rivals* of my pride
 Blanch'd with the purest light ; and scores beside :
 VVhich keeping each their proper *area*
 A regular *Scene* of colours did display ;
 So many, that the Rainbow not more ways
 On mortal eyes reflects the Solar rays ;
 Nor more variety of *tincture* dies
 The *fringed curtains* of the morning Skies,
 Not yet quite *drawn* to let the Racer rise.
 No Sense had reason to complain : For there
 They all had proper matter to admire.
 The Thyme, the Jasmine, and the Tuberose,
 VVith aromatic odours fum'd my nose ;

And

And many more, that *breath'd* their unseen spice
And (which are truest) natural essences.
And here too *braided* on the walls did grow
Peaches and other trees, whose every bough
So pleasant seem'd and press'd beneath their weight,
At once they *beg'd* and *tempted* me to eat.
Nay, th' Understanding here might find *repast*,
And Spirit exercise it's subtile *taste*,
Seeing the natures of the flowers and trees,
And all their several pretty qualities:
How these by kindly heat *conceiv'd* of seeds
The Earth with her *nutritions* vertue feeds;
Till grown too big to stay within her *womb*,
By gentle force they strive to get more room:
How then being *born* they more and more appear,
And all the VVinter's *victory* repair:
How all the parts, with which they are supply'd,
Are into sundry figures modify'd
By different bores of narrow passages
And *veins*, through which they *circulate* and rise;

Or else made in such shape, that they may pass

Only the pores led to their proper place :

How they toil'd not their *diet* to prepare,

But trusted Heaven to be their *Caterer*.

What e're he gave, content they dy'd, or throve

Instructing us our seasons to improve,

And, as they did, to point at what's above.

Pity, as I look'd on, methought it was,

Such beauty e're should fade like common grass :

Pity the *envious* wind should blow upon,

Or ruffle this their peaceful *region* :

Or any scorching Dog-star *squint* in there,

Or *Teueth* hide the glory of the year.

I therefore did what in my power lay,

Desirous to *reprieve* 'em from decay ;

But chiefly Fountains rais'd, that in the heat

With *cordial* water might them *recreate*,

Which duly fell in artificial showers

Upon th' adjacent beds and knots of flowers ;

Because from them some pleasure does accrew

Almost peculiar to us Great ones too.

And

And then remembering with delight I'd seen
Rivers in even Meads divide the green,
And as they flow'd along between the banks,
Indent their sinuous fides,

I also caus'd clear Channels to be made,
Through which the fluent Element convey'd
Seem'd in continu'd streams, like Time, to run,
And with unheeded pace still slid on.

Pools too I made to *ope* their spacious eyes,
Which, as they *look'd undazzled* at the Skies,
Did in their *chrystal humour* represent
Another World, another Firmament.

In them another Sun there seem'd to dive
Unquench'd, and with the hostile Waters strive;
And other Clouds there seem'd to float like these
Upon the bounds of the *Antipodes*.

So like's this World to a deceit of sight,
That with an empty show does seers cheat.

Had I, poor helpless I, been left alone,
Like *Adam* once just made, both *all* and *one*,

My *Eden* to observe my self and dress ;
 This had substracted from my happiness.
 I then in vain had curs'd the stubborn Spade,
 And mourn'd the crooked *furrows* it had made
 Within the bending of my callous hand,
 Not so much *Lord*, as *Servant* of my land.
 But Providence, to which so much I ow'd,
 Which had such kindnesses on me bestow'd,
 And seem'd full as ambitious to give,
 As I it's gifts was ready to receive,
 Broke not it's golden *thred* of love off here,
 Which always *compass'd* me and every where.
 Beside those Workmen and Artificers
 Th' accounts above imperfectly rehearse,
 Servants I had ; some Officers, that knew
 In course what 'twas their duty bid 'em do ;
 And some, that waited, till with bended knee
 They took the honour of commands from me ;
 So many, 'twou'd be doubly vain to guess
 Blindly a *number*, that was *numberless* ;

Or dare those mighty multitudes report,
That fill'd the Trains retaining to my Court,
For me both Sexes emulously strove
In work all day, and join'd at night in love:
Whole Families of Slaves were born to me:
Their Souls were almost my propriety.
Add here the warlike *Cherethian* Band,
And *Pelethites*, the flower of all the Land,
That round me Guards and Sentinels did stand.
Add here those Governours dispers'd about,
Where I their several Borders did allot,
That constantly maintain'd my dubious board
With what their fruitful Districts did afford.
Add here my Princes too, whose names remain
In those amazing Annals of our reign,
Where faithful *Nathan* and the other Seers,
Annex us to the Story of past years.

And since the lower Class of Beasts was made
For our use too, all sorts of *these* I had.
What Deer my Chases, Purlieus, Parks did keep;
Witness the herds o're *Bether's* lawns do skip.

Both

Both Sheep and Goats my crowded folds did fill,
Or hung upon the pitch of supine hills.
And Droves, whole Droves of true *Bashanic* breed,
That serv'd my *pleasure* too as well as *need*,
O'respread, as they led out their several *Clans*,
With sleek py'd colours all the champion Plains.
There Bulls and Oxen in their Majesty,
Methought made up an awful Spectacle;
VVhich I before those cruel sports prefer,
VVhen beasts in Cirques do one another tear.
How gravely pac'd the purfy Beevs were wont,
To shake the curls upon a furly front!
Upon what rocky well-built sculls they bore
Crescent-like Arms, with which their foes they gore!
But when they mutual threats and anger *spoke*,
VVhat *Thunder* rent the air, what streams of *smoke*!
But sure the Horse among all Sensitives,
Most pleasure to his Tyrant Master gives.
VVhen in his tinsel furniture he's drest,
How proud he looks! He vaunts his haughty crest,

And

And champs his bit, to shew how he disdain
 The short confinement of the silly reins.
 And when he's loos'd upon his utmost pace,
 He then as fleet as Thought *devours* the race.
 Again when drawn into the martial Field,
 He's fierce to *fight* and ignorant to *yield*.
 He snuffs, and smells the Battel from afar,
 And miserable throngs of impious War;
 Joyful to hear the *croaking* Trumpets sound
 From a firm *bank* of adverse Shields rebound;
 Neither affected with his Riders fear,
 Nor with the pushing point of Pike or Spear.
 He strongly paws and prances o're the Dale,
 That parts the Armies, Death's small interval,
 Longing that while the opposite Troops to meet,
 And trample arms and banners under feet.
 That nothing of magnificence or state
 Might absent be (for I aim'd but at *that*),
 With these I *peopled* Towns, the best that were
 In all *Mizraim's* Stables or elsewhere.

But Money, that's the *Master-nerve* of all,
 For want of which the *stoutest* Empires fall;
 And Crowns are worth, if that don't hold 'em up,
Barely their value in a Goldsmith's shop.
 For tho our Subjects talk, yet surely more
 Our currant *images* than *us* adore.
 This is the *Idol* of the World below,
 To which all hearts in general do bow,
 Which *Satan*-like *defies* its *Maker* too.
 This then, which is so highly magnify'd,
 Must have its due regard, at least be try'd,
 To see what virtues heaps of riches hide.
 In Maps where *Exiongeber's* shew'd to be
 Upon the *coral lips* of the *Red Sea*,
 A Navy I rigg'd out, which sailing from that Bay,
 Upon the Deep's soft *lap* did *cleave* their way
 With diving keels to *Ophir* [now first known],
 Where many a clod's a good Estate alone.
 Hence they successful brought in full-fraught *Pines*,
 The *pillage* got from whole *impoverish'd* Mines:

So great, as they in triumph homeward rode,
 The yielding Plain bow'd with the mighty load,
 And in an arch invers'd on either side
 Rais'd up it self to look into their pride.
 Scanty Arithmetic could scarce contain
 Their sums of Gold in Numbers longest chain.
 To these were added all the choicest things,
 That make peculiar treasures unto Kings.
 For them I did not only fetch, but they
 Brought from all differing times and lengths of Day,
 Upon the Earths broad face were well lay'd out,
 If every Present but one Proverb bought.
 But in particular I can't omit
 (Her faithful Love to me does merit it.
 The hardest heart, the arrant st flint that is,
 Admits such strong impressions as these)
 The bounty of the wise Sabeen Queen,
 Which had it self a fair possession been:
 Beside those Stones, to me more precious far
 Than others are, because bestow'd by her;

Beside those Gums, born on her happy Sands,
 Perfum'd too by her only sweeter hands
 (For sweeter they than freshest morns in *May*,
 Or quintessence of her *Panchaia*) ;
 Metal so radiant, none was e're so fine,
 But that, which with her borrow'd beams did shine,
 Worn by her self, when (doleful word!) she gave
 Her last kind visit, and so took her leave.

But tho this chink of Money seems to be
 To most the most delightful harmony :
 Methought it rather grated on my ears,
 And with discordant and untuneful jars,
 As 'twas turn'd o're, *awaken'd sleeping cares*.
 To temper and abate this harshness then
 With softer sounds of Instrumentts and Men,
 Musick desir'd to be admitted in ;
 Musick, that came adorn'd with mighty names,
 And *kindred* to coelestial Anthems claims.
 This made our good *Jessides* send his Prayers,
 In airs and gales of Musick to the Spheres

And

And Seats above ; while all the listening *Quire*
 Struck with his Lyric numbers wish'd him there ;
 There, where he was e're this by sympathy :
 For Minds are join'd, that in one thought agree.
 And true, tho' why *force* should in Measures lie
 Not *scouting* Reason plainly can *descry*,
 We know it does, and that great *strength* they have :
 Within our selves their *conquests* we perceive.
 Therefore such voices I procur'd, as did
 Even *Chenaniah's* famous School exceed :
 Women, whose accents were more taking shrill,
 Than from the Poplars breaths the Philomel :
 And Men, whose Bases were so plump and deep,
 They might contend with largest Organ-pipe.
 And these their several parts so well did bear,
 They *summon'd* all my Soul into my ear ;
 I had no sense, no thought, but what was there.
 To such a pitch had time improv'd this skill,
 As 'twere against I came, my joys to fill.
 For first Men knew no Songs, no Tunes or Notes,
 But what were hit by chance in artless throats :

But what those Chanters wildly did express,
 Art by degrees taught to adorn and dress.
 Nor stop'd she soon : For not contented here,
 Nature's *assistant* only to appear,
 She further set her self t' *invent* and frame
 What Nature never did design nor aim ;
 As *crook'd* Cornets, Trumpets *straight* and long,
 That were all *throat*, and spoke without a *tongue*,
 The Cymbal, Viol, Lute, and royal Lyre,
 Organ, which is it self a kind of Quire,
 And many more, all which to name would be
 As hard as reckon Sound's variety.
 And with these too, the noblest e're were form'd,
 My state was still encreas'd, my passions charm'd ;
 While they, as if they *knew* the Audience,
Address'd themselves in their best *eloquence*,
 In words so smooth, not Fame's own *flatteries*
 Were half so powerful or apt to please.

Thus I was great: and sure if Happiness
 Could be attain'd by that, I had no less;

Enthron'd,

Enthron'd; where gaping Princes gaz'd at me,
 On top of Grandeur's highest pinnacle;
 Dissolv'd in pleasures flowing every way;
 Exhausting Ages triumphs every day;
 Wealthy and rich to that Immense degree,
 That all the World fear'd a Monopoly.
 Poor *Israel* ne're saw the like before,
 Amaz'd at this great novelty the more.
 Not *Saul*, tho he were God's own Successour,
 Nor our fam'd Father e're obtain'd one hour
 Like my whole life.
 They were in troubled Seas of warfare toss'd,
 With poverty and adverse fortunes cross'd;
 But I in *Halcyonian calm* have reign'd,
 And all the depths of peace and plenty drain'd.
 Thus lofty Pines among the bushes grow;
 Thus I look'd down upon the World below,
 Upon puissant Thrones and Princes too;
 Greater than any King preceded me,
 Or those, that follow after, e're shall be.

Whatever greedy Appetite could crave,
 My tender heart consented still and gave;
 Till last reviewing all I'd undergone,
 I gladly saw the work, long work, was done.
 And this in troth the greatest pleasure was,
 This the chief meed of many tedious days.
 So when some Mathematic problem's solv'd,
 Clear of those doubts, in which it was involv'd;
 The Scholar smiles to see his Axioms lie
 In gradual method and dependency,
 And lead to some insipid verity.
 But then this truth (here lies the difference)
 Detected ushers many consequents,
 And small to great discoveries does tend:
 Whereas my labours in themselves did end,
 Pity the quiet joys of Privacy
 To men so unperceiv'd and private be!
 With it more sound fruitions sometimes dwell
 Than with the glossy Crown of *Israhel*:
 The solid trophies of a vanquish'd mind,
 In narrow wishes pleasures unconfind:

A little well-built house, retired shade
 And walk, a cleanly spring by Nature made:
 A few *stanch* Friends, that seasonably resort,
 Without the clog and bustle of a Court;
 And to support the comfort of all that
 A *moderate, independent, clear* estate,
 From tempting *want* or *superfluity*,
 From Rich mens *scorn*, and Poor mens *envy* free.
 Whose fortune's blest with this, more happy is
 Than I with all these huge magnificent toys;
 Which having perfected, no good I know
 Resulting, but to say, 'Twas I did so;
 Or stare at what is done, which soon will cloy,
 And all Spectators do as well as I.

But when a stricter scrutiny I made,
 And all my works with nearer eye survey'd,
 They scarce afforded me this tiny joy,
 And poor proportion of felicity:
 They rather seem'd to own their vanity.

For

For 'tis nought else but Vanity and Pride
 Makes men the bounds of decency exceed,
 Above what *Nature* and their *Stations* need.

Beside (tho fatal late experience
 Is th' only argument that will convince)
 How many chances hover over them,
 That *giddy* stand upon this *steep* extreme ;
 If one of which should beat them from on *high*,
 They *fall* the *deeper* into misery ?
 How many *darts* of malice must they *shock*,
 With which the fairest *marks* are soonest *struck* ?
 How manifold's their business and their care ?
 Too sure more than their privileges are.
 True, I had Slaves to execute commands :
 But then this was but working with their hands.
 The plot and management of all was mine :
 From me came every action and design.
 And thus my Servants, they serv'd me *alone* ;
 But I was Servant to them *every one*.
 Power's but Slavery in another name :
 For bate that *thin disguise*, 'tis much the same.

Therefore

Therefore when every *course* of pleasure run,
And all its little *magers* often *upon*,
At last I *turn'd* and *looking backward view'd*
That useful Wisdom, with which God endu'd
Me *setting out*; I saw that never spends
It self on *these*, but on *important ends*:
Wisdom, true high-born Wisdom, which outvies
The folly, that with doting Worldlings is,
As far as Day *adult* in *full-grown* height
Its *funeral* and *mournful Pall* of night.
For as when Night has *put out* humane eyes,
And Form and Colour in it *bury'd* lies;
At every obvious rotten post men stay
To fumble and enquire out their way,
Embracing with an undiscerning arm
What e're is next, tho't be to their own harm.
So they, whose *groping* Understanding's *blind*,
When ignorance *folds up* the *muffled* Mind,
Lay hold on present things, and them they love,
Not kenning what's more distant and above.

But

But that choice blessing, Wisdom, is a ray
 Shot from the *Father* of eternal day;
 And they, whose humble Souls are clear'd with this,
 From far see *glimmerings* of a greater bliss,
 And all the useless Poms of Earth despise.
 They know Death comes, tho with a tacit pace,
 And every part of Time, as it does pass,
 Is one *step* more to th' period of their race;
 Where they and Fools *laid down* together have
 Their final *sleep* in one cold *Inn*, the Grave.
 From this none can pretend immunity;
 But there all ashes undistinguish'd lie.
 Therefore they argue thus; Why am I wise?
 Why feel I in me reasoning faculties?
 Not for the sake of sensual Vanities.
 For every *Fool* has Sense as well as I,
 And may those objects oft as long enjoy,
 Since he as long may live, as late may die.

But what I've done may make me live in Story,
 And give what Fools can't have, immortal glory.

A poor reward ! In ancient Authors read
 To be in dust and mould *twice* buried !
 To furnish themes for Boys, discourse for Fops,
 Paper for Bog, or lumber for the Shops !
 But granting this *some* happiness to be,
 Yet still more bad than good fill History.
 And History it self in little space
 Perhaps *expires*, and then it wants (alas !)
 Another History to tell it was.
 Or if some lucky Author chance to bear
 The *teeth* and *rage* of many an *unborn* year,
 (Suppose the last in all Time's *Calendar*) ;
 Yet through mistaking ignorance or spite,
 Few can or will interpret him aright,
 (For some can *read* as foul as most *indisc*)
 Or if his meaning well express'd be known,
 As clear as plainest *Demonstration* ;
 'Tis odds the Reader will not think it true :
 The Man writ as Historians *use* to do ;
 To serve his, or some Faction's interest,
 Or over-credulous loyalty at best.

Thus

Thus late Posterity know us no more,

Or little more than we knew them before.

Now all my Works appear'd more and more vain

And all my study'd wonders turn'd to pain.

Now I grew faint and weary of the light

Offensive to my weak and tired sight,

And sated with th' unsavoury breath I drew,

When out, scarce worth the drawing in a new.

I long'd those better *buildings* to espy,

Not made with hands, that rise beyond the Sky,

Far off, above th' approach of Vanity.

But here a thought return'd. When I am dead,

My Greatness in two yards of Coffin hid,

Then, then the Ages coming after me,

Some worse effects of what I've done may see:

When some *loose* Unthrif, or *close* whining Heir,

Shall drop into my workmanship and care,

Not through the merit of his chosen worth,

But labour of that womb, which brought him forth

When he shall *swell* with *over-big* conceit

Of that estate, for which he never sweat;

and T

Shall

Shall feed his idle and inglorious ease,
 His brutal lust, or pining avarice
 With riches, that I foolishly made his;
 And so, when I am gone, shall bring me in
 An Accessary to the vilest sin.
 Indeed there are, whose honest prudent ways
 Deserve a Censurer's whole stock of praise,
 All whose advantages of wealth or power,
 Tend to atchieve what they were given for.
 But in a line of Heirs 'twas never known,
 This character should suit with every one;
 That every Son should be a miracle
 As 'twere derived down *ex traduce*;
 Or by a new example, Wit and Sense,
 Should still run parallel with Inheritance.
 Compare the *sholes* of Fools and Debauchees,
 With those are truly vertuous and wise;
 You'l scarce find one of these for many a score;
 Nay, I'm afraid the disproportion's more.
 Can any think, that *their* Succession then
 Should be distinguish'd from the rest of men?

If

If each third Century produce an Heir
 Neither *debauch'd*, nor fool, nor knave, 'tis fair,
 And more, all men consider'd, than their share:
 Thus men their buildings, treasures, lands dilate,
 And needless honours still accumulate,
 To make some undeserving things be great.

What *real* profit then, what *true* delights,
 Reward their toilsome days and restless nights?
 More solid good I'm sure by much accrews
 From the free, comfortable, moderate use,
 Of what men's cares as *moderate* produce.
 But this a Vertue is, which God more rare
 Himself does wisely *sprinkle* here and there.
 The man, whom his Omniscience does try,
 And then *bear witness* to his piety;
 That happy man, that Favourite it is,
 That he enriches and adorns with this:
 VVhen *Votaries* of worldly pleasure moil,
 And *mortify* themselves with work a while,
 On *Earth* to get a fancy'd *Heaven* at last,
 A Heaven that's never *found* or quickly *past*;

And

And Misers on the contrary proceed,
 Prompted by *bottomless desire*, not *need*,
 Nor even *pleasure*, still to heap up *more*,
 And by a monstrous *Paradox* the stone
 To think or fear *less* than it was before;
 Nay, tho perhaps they've neither Brother, Son,
 Nor any Kin, to throw their bags upon,
 When they themselves are quite worn out and done,
 And so a servile life they undergo,
 Thieves to themselves, *Slaves* to they know not who.
 For when, like *Asses*, they have born the weight,
 But never understood the use of it,
 They leave it to the man, whom God thinks fit.

* BUT if obdurate tempers don't believe
 The *small content* their Labours products give,
 Th' *uncertainty* of them they must : For this
 The whole Material system testifies.
 See, its Orbs move, and all things else in them;
 And every hour brings a peculiar *Scheme*.
 See, how the flitting Seasons, and each age
 Of things, stay but to measure out their stage,

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Down which [a prone descent] they headlong run;
 And yield their room to that, which next thrusts on.
 In short, Time's a continu'd flight of Nows,
 VVhere one succeeds still as the former goes;
 And which, as't flies, fans forward other things
 By the wide agitation of its wings,
 Bringing to them their turns to be and cease,
 As Nature works, or Providence decrees. (proceed
 And now Great Ghost, from whom good thoughts
 By ways unknown as thou from the Godhead,
 Enlarge my narrow faculties, while they
 Collect some of this World's *Phænomena*,
 And how they change their aspects every day.
 Say how both Life, and Gardens, Palaces,
 And Mirth, and Love, Prosperity, and Peace,
 Have proper times, in which they only can
 Give welcome answers to the suit of Man:
 And when they do, those times are quickly gone;
 And then again his work is all undone:
 That so his Labours either not succeed,
 Or shortly lose the Offspring, which they breed.

As there's a time prefixt for man to come
 From Nature's silent *shop* of life, the Womb :
 A time, in which his tender body grows,
 And fits him for the business he shall choose:
 So there's an *Epocha* to follow that,
 From which another being he must date
 In that remoter World, where once *pent in*
 No *Passenger* e're yet *return'd* again.
 Poor Man declares, when first he does appear,
 How short his *Part* is in this *Theatre* ;
Blushes, and with his yet unpractis'd breath
 Whimpers the *Tragic Prologue* to his death.

As there's a season *calls* to plant or sow ;
 A space, in which the Vegetables do
 Cover the *wrinkles* of the Spade or Plow :
 So *they* too, leaving us, e're long begin
 To die, or are *pluck'd up*, as well as *Men*.
 (For there's a time, when Violence or Chance,
 The horror of our mortal change enhance ;
 When slower Nature hasty they prevent,
 And *pluck us up* with Sword or Accident :

As well as one more merciful, when these
 Do rather fright than hurt the men they seize ;
 When Death can't *draw* his *sting*, but civilly
 Just *licks* the trembling prey and passes by).

There is a time, which ruins do deface
 With *nodding* Towers, *crashing* Palaces ;
 When age has *gnaw'd* their canker'd cramps, or war,
 Or hurricane the Piles does over-bear :
 As well as one that gives us leave to raise
 In them our *present* safety, *future* praise.

As there's a time, when Trouble's *pressures squeeze*)
 Grief's *watry* Symbols from men's briny eyes, }
 Until the empty'd glands deny supplies ;
 When *gloomy Heaven veils its countenance*
In pitchy mists, without the least *kind glance* ;
 When faithless Friends no longer deign to know
 Their Mates *obscur'd in night*, or chang'd with woe ;
 But *darkness having swallow'd up their Sun*,
 They're left all melancholy, all alone }
 To those fierce *Spectres* vex Affliction :

So true, there is a revolution still,
 When *Heaven* does refresh 'em with a *smile* ;
 When it returns and vigorously *displays*
 The long (oh long it seems !) *eclipsed rays* ;
 With these *dries* off their cheeks the blubbering tears,
 With these *dispells* their many cares and fears :
 And then they laugh, and sing, and dance a while,
 Till some new cross the gayety does spoil.

Now precious Stones are fetch'd from far, & join }
 To make us burly Princes proudly shine, }
 Or some Court Lady, wanting helps, look fine. }
 And now again by ignorance or vice
 They're thrown away like Stones of common price.

Now free admittance to the *rites* of Love
 Lets Man his pleasure legally improve,
 And all that mingled Sexes does surprize
 Just *enter'd* in the Marriage *mysteries*.
 And now again Embraces are deny'd,
 And he or *wants*, or *not enjoys* a Bride :
 As when [at least] a competent Demain,
 Or in the lieu of that some honest Gain

Is lacking to support a double life,
 And all the charges *marry'd* with a Wife ;
 When sickness does divide the Genial bed ;
 Or age has *quench'd* the *fires* of youth, and *spread*
 The *ashes* o're the Old man's hoary head.

Now there's a gracious turn and lucky hit
 (For 'tis no more ; tho folks misconstrue it
 For forecast, cunning management, or wit),
 When all things in a *gush* of fortune *flow*,
 And riches tumble in, men know not how :
 When whatsoever *Rumb* they chance to *steer*,
 The *Ocean's* *smooth* to them, the *Heavens* *clear*.
 But then another time reverses this,
 Full of ill tidings, losses, miseries.
 For their *gilt Vessel*, tho *built strong and great*,
 A stronger *tempest* often does beset :
 And then the *sully'd calm* does disappear,
 And *clouds contract* the *circle of the Air* ;
 The *feathering Sea* predicts a *shipwrack* night,
 And *sporting Dolphins* *show themselves* hard by ;

While

While on a sudden comes the *envious blast*,

And *muttering anger rives the lofty Mast* :

At last the *Cargo lifted over-board*,

The *surges cast ashore* it's naked Lord.

Now Mourning does invade, and cloaths are rent,

As 'twere to give the sobbing tumour vent :

When Death *arrests* Relation or Friend,

And leaves us but imperfect men behind.

Again we cast our jetty weeds, and all

Remains are *bury'd* of a Funeral.

And then new friendships we contract apace,

And Wives and Children fill the empty space,

Affording Death more opportunities,

Still to repeat our sorrowful disguise.

Tho our Creator has conferr'd on Man

An art to speak as no more Livings can

(For Beasts, *dumb Linguists*, by some ruder note,

A general passion only *cypher* out :

While men have words, or later made, or ours,

Their thoughts articulate *Embassadours*,

Which their intentions to each other show,
 And carry all Expresses to and fro);
 Yet still he may not use it when he please,
 But other things command the tongue, that's his
 Now must the nimble member breathless lie,
 And motionless, in inactivity,
 Not daring to interpret or reveal,
 VVhat 'tis the Mind is doing in its cell:
 Altho't perhaps is *weaving* something there
 Better than all the *Fustian* it may hear.
 A few stiff forms with frontless pride set off
 Shall give the better Scholar a rebuff.
 Or some ill-willer watching for a word,
 VVhich he perfidious Villain would distort
 To some bad use, and to the Speaker's hurt,
 Restrains the tongue; while he sits fretting by
 For want of colour how to make a lie.
 Or else th' Authority some *have* or *take*,
 Permits the passive Subject not to speak:
 For tho their reasonings, emptiness and froth,
 VVould *turn* a Soul, that knows the *gust* of Truth;

Yet

Yet peace be sure, there's no expedient,

Only to bite your lips and be content,

Unless you'll be so base to complement.

But now the *Prisoner's bonds* are *'loos'd*;

And now speak you not only *may*, but *must* :

Because unseasonable Silence is

(Tho it may be your temper and your choice)

Sometimes as faulty as ungovern'd noise.

For if I speaking my own good promote,

I'm false to self, if I forbear to do't.

Or if the Social laws require't of me,

I'm forc'd to *tune* my tongue to Company.

But thy praise chiefly shall my words rehearse,

Who on the *selvage* of the Universe,

Great God, dost *sit* ; who fill'st the Land and Air,

And all the *race* thy *fruitful* Word did *bear* ;

The whole Creation's everlasting theme,

The Song of Saints and warbling *Seraphims*.

Be pleas'd t' accept my meaner service here,

Till in that *Court* and *Consort* I appear,

Then

Then these Poetic *First-Fruits* I'll throw down,
 An humble *Offering* before thy throne,
 And spend the coming long Eternity
 In *Heavenly Hymns*, and *riper Poetry*.

Even *Love*, which like some *universal life*
Cements the *V*World's more solid *limbs* so fast,
 That they in stable *wedlock* piece and last,
 And keeps the looser elements from strife,
It self can't always last, but has its *fate*,
 And sinks into the *Grave* of Friendship, Hate;
 Man's such a complicated humourist,
 Made up of passion, pleasure, interest,
 So different in kind or in degree,
 'Tis difficult to define Humanity.
 This makes the *yoke* unequally to *press*
 Friends *necks*, one *drawing* that way, t'other this;
 The *knot*, which interest and pleasure ty'd,
 Pleasure and interest again *divide*.
 Nay, they, whom equal Sympathy did bind,
 And Sex perswades still to continue kind,
 Turn *Renegades* to love, and change their mind.

For Lust (if that *alone* the marriage *knot*
 Without some nobler thought to second it)
 Strangely its object *fairest* represents
 To them, that stand *remoteſt* off from thence :
 But if the diſtant *proſpect* be purſu'd,
 It *leſſens*, till it does the *ſight elude*.
 And then the *recreant* Couple ſoon forget
 The Lovers once familiar *Alphabet*,
 The Cant of ſighs and tears, of wounds and darts,
 The ſtrength of vows, and interchange of hearts.

The *o'regrown bodies* of whole Polities,
 That *ſtretch* themſelves o're many Provinces,
 Are not exempted from ſuch turns as theſe.
 Tho they their *tumid parts* with labour draw,
 Upon the *gouty legs* of State and Law :
 Yet in their mutual leagues they run, they fly,
 Through all the *doublings* of inconfſtancy.
 The men, that lately on their Frontiers met,
 And joy'd each other civilly to greet,
 Diſtributed their wiſhes and their prayers,
 And curs'd the very *notion* of Wars ;

While

While Peace her influence divides, and *pours*
 On both her blessings and her *baitening showers* ;
 The Vineyards flourish, and the Figtrees hit,
 While under them the Owners safely sit ;
 The field its full return of harvest bears,
 Nor any ravaging destroyer fears ;
 The flocks not kill'd nor driven by the Foe,
 In their full numbers to *Beth-eked* go ;
 The *thriving* Arts and Sciences encrease,
 And every School enjoys a learned ease ;
 These in a pet abjure their happiness.
 Some petty cause has *blow'd the sleeping coal*,
 Which now begins to *burn* without controul ;
Ambition to be fill'd, a *Mistriss* gain'd,
 Or *needy General* to be maintain'd.
 For this two infest Kingdoms must engage ;
 And clangent Trumpets public ills preface,
 With their *hoarse* cadences and *trembling* note
Soliciting for Souldiers round about.
 Men from their Callings and their business fly,
 Not pitying a helpless Family,

Their

Their childless *Parents*, their own little *Brood*,
 Or *Wives* that now commence their Widowhood.
 In Companies and Troops they march all day,
 Loaded with Arms and hopes of some small Pay.
 At night sup'd with a Snapfack's stint of bread,
 What lately was their *board*, becomes their *bed*;
 And when they rising their fatigue renew,
 They leave the measures of their graves in dew.
 Nay [worse than this] all *bars* are now *broke down*:
 No Law nor no Religion is known,
 But Irresistibility alone;
 No future life, no God, no sacred Word;
 But good and bad decided by the Sword.
 The sins, that us'd to dread a witness by,
 In darkness *skreen'd* themselves from humane eye,
 And sculk'd to hide their own deformity,
 Now making open entries domineer,
 Not *painted* with the signs of shame or fear.
 Undauntedly men bid a long *Adieu*
 To all the Legends of the Priestly crew:

No little nook or dark retreat is free
 From plunder, violence, and cruelty.
 What all their *lives* poor Labourers have done,
 In one sad *hour* is snatch'd away and gone,
 Nor *footstep* left of many a tedious Sun.
 War robs of all at once, nor even spares
 The last reserve of their declining years :
 Their *dear* sweat now ends in *showering* tears.
 Virgins are rap'd, their Lovers looking on,
 And scarce survive to know they are undone.
 The Plowman falls by some unheeded blow,
 His trembling fingers beckening to his Plow,
 To stay and see its parting Master go.
 His Nose (poor man!) makes *furrows* in that place,
 Where last the Coulter and the Share did *graze*.
 Babes from the breast are torn, nay from the womb,
 And Life *in posse* kill'd, a life to come.
 The mitred Priest before the Altar dies
 [The *Sacrificer* made a *Sacrifice*],
 Invoking Heaven with his dying cries.

The strokes the while within the Chancel found,
And hideous Echo's from the Vault rebound.

Should this *Jerusalem* (as much I dread)

Be by the impious *Cassim* conquered ;

Rubbish and mangled corpses must deface

The beauteous mansions of this sacred place.

The Temple, nor its holiest part would be

A refuge from the common misery ;

Altho it *Heaven* it self does typify.

Its matchless gold, tho by the weight it seem

Loath to remove from thence ; and every Gem,

Tho dazzling too the Robbers eyes, must go

To grace the Triumphs of a forreign Foe.

The Vessels stain'd with Heathen healths and blood

Must serve a *Babylonish* King or God.

The *Corban* made for God's *emerit* Poor

(For that's *one* reason of this hallow'd store)

Must pay a barbarous Host for making more.

Nothing so precious or divine dwells there,

Which daring Sacrilege would deign to spare ;

No, not the Records of their Saviour.

But

But last, as 'twere to *expiate* this theft,
 'Twould make a *Holocaust* of all was left.
 These are those mighty Actions, whose praise
Empties the Panegyrist's Common-place !
 But now what pen can suitably repeat
 The horror of two Armies, when they meet ?
 When once the sad Alarm does signify
 To Death and them a doubtful battel nigh ;
 The *jaws* of *Hades* and the Grave beneath
Dilated send up *streams* of *poison'd* breath.
 The Country rais'd are gadding out to hear,
 What Omens tell whose overthrow is near.
 The Souldier stun'd with sad surprizing news
 Hardly his broken faculties can use.
 He catches at the arms, that next him lie ;
 Or seeks the Sword that hangs upon his thigh.
 Concern and headlong tumult *undermine*
 The formal Military discipline.
 Thus they, who huff the gentle *Sons* of peace,
 Whose innocence their only *armour* is,

Betray that prowess and redoubted might,
 Which swaggers when there is no Opposite,
 Or only such as ne're pretend to fight.
 The *Bravo* now could with the battel won;
 Tho all his unjust plunder too was gone.
 He dreads that *righteous* Plain, in which he sees
 Th'impendent vengeance of his wickedness,
 The strength of Poor mens tears and Widows cries
 And their *once* fruitless importunities.
 But now necessity does bid him rouse,
 And *fear* it self makes him *conragious*.
 'Tis this supports the honour of the Day,
 Teaching the flinching Souldiery to stay :
 'Tis this with force perswades 'em to come on ;
 'Tis this brings up the form'd Battalions.
 And now two *Woods*, whose metal *trunks* [compact
 In lines, that cross each other so exact,
 They make from any side transparent *Glades*]
Cacuminate in Pikes;
 Two such great moving *Woods* divide the Field ;
 Only a few kind turves some respite yield.

A thousand rambling Spirits possess that room,
 Expecting ever when their Fellows come.
 The fatal Angel hovers o're each Host,
Devoting those this Victory must cost.
 The *tingling* Pole with shouts and hallows *rings*;
 And *flying* Ensigns beat their *flapping wings*.
 Men *fire* their rage, and throw about their eyes,
 Which scatter *sparks* and angry particles.
 Here the bent arm exalts as massy blade,
 And tries its blows before the Onset made.
 There barbed darts rang'd ready for the Fight
 Appear like naked teeth prepar'd to bite.
 To fence off these two *walls* of ferred Shields
 Expose their boasted Charges and their Fields,
 Purchas'd by some forgotten Ancestor,
 Or't may be chance, or money, and no more,
 But soon with some rude palt to be eras'd,
 Or with the Bearer overwhelm'd and lost.
 For not these Orbs, tho sevenfold, can bear
 The force and *inundation* of War;

When

When once the Signal given has drawn the *swarm*
 To all the *catapults* of death let loose :
 Death, that employs all hands, intends all nerves,
 Doubling life's motions ;
 As 'twere their end the sooner to acquire,
 That in their utmost point they might expire.
 While he all o're the field makes his Parade,
 In his triumphant gallies array'd.
 All wan, with hanging chin, and sinking eyes,
 Swift in a Mourning Chariot he hies
 About, his bearded weapon brandishing,
 Fitly resembling the old Serpent's sting.
 No *Ethiopian reeds* are half so keen,
 Nor mortal a whole *Parthian Magazine*.
 Round him lie naked skulls, and mouldering bones,
 By which his Cannibal repast he owns.
 Behind he wears his Arms, *A naked pair*
Eating the fruit, which they were bid forbear ;
An Adder by, that does himself sustain
Upon his scaly folds and circled train.

Round all a fullen haze is circumfus'd,
 Condens'd of gasps, which dying lips produc'd.
 In this he slides insensibly along,
 Unseen to all the busy'd fighting throng.
 Where e're a wound gapes wide enough to bear
 The bigness of his shaft, he *steeps* it there.
 The present venom soon infects the whole,
 Mov'd by the blood, and chases thence the Soul;
 Which being *turn'd out* of its ruin'd house
 Straightway to *reckon* with its *Landlord* goes.
 Thus thousands have, and still more thousands must
 Leave strength and beauty prostrate in the dust:
 While others envy their felicity,
 From all their misery and pain set free;
 When they among the Carnage groveling lie,
 Almost the pity of their Enemy,
 Sighing away their breath by slow degrees,
 And wishing every foot their brains might squeeze,
 Or some kind stab *imprison'd* life release.
 As when our Fathers left the slavish Kill
 And sable Tyrant of the banks of *Nile*;

The *Crimson* Sea more kind than he was found,
 Transmitting all our Armies on the ground.
 But when the curst Legions follow'd them,
 The billows soon return'd, and clos'd the stream.
 Some floated then alone at distant space,
 Like Beauty-spots upon a ruddy face ;
 But more in heaps might for a Mask be ta'n,
 Or smoaky Island peering through the Main.
 Some with their armour plumb the Deep
 [As men go to their beds, before they sleep]:
 Some with the muddy'd waves *dispute* their lot,
 Swimming with Horse or *shipwrack* Chariot.
 Just so the cruddled gore sucks in or rolls
 Of separated Minds the mammock'd *spoils*,
 A prey for Dogs, and quarry for the Fowls.
 They fall not single but born down by scores,
 While all the Welkin with the fragour roars ;
 As when the *conflict* of two *tilting* Clouds
 The kindled air with thunder-claps explodes :

Or so, as when the crashing shelves of snow
 Or flakes of ice from *Ararat's* high brow
 Do make the Valleys *bellow* all below;
 Whilst dread the quaking Stranger's fancy fills,
 Fearing the tumbling ruins of the hills.
 Victory this time her *ruddled Scales* does poize,
 Which with a doubtful *beam* by turns do rise,
 Till added *moments* fix down that or this.
 The shock of Battel then no more remains,
 Diffus'd all o're the Mountains and the Plains.
 Which way the disarrayed Army takes,
 The murdering Victors follow at their backs;
 Who now more fierce than in Battalia
 Treble the numbers they before did slay:
 Beside the many Wretches, which in crowds
 Are thrust on precipices and on floods,
 Or forc'd to starve in avious brakes or woods,
 Or else compell'd to yeild, when they are ta'n,
 Their cative necks to an insulting chain.
 The mighty summs of War, that *sweeps* more men,
 Than Sea or Pestilence, than Love or Wine!

And

And after all this vast expence of blood,
And many images of God destroy'd ;
After Exchequers drain'd, and money fails,
That might have built a thousand Hospitals ;
At length the shatter'd Regiments return
Their wounds, their rags, their sins, their dead to mourn.
For what is't now men forfeit their repose,
When all the world is always changing thus ?
In such an *Olio* of things as this
They, when they choose, themselves can hardly please.
But when they once have fix'd their rolling eyes,
And say, in such a *Dish* their pleasure lies ;
There's the reward, for which they slave and strive,
And 'tis for that they chiefly care to live :
Yet they the proper Season for't must wait ;
And that perhaps ne're comes, or else too late
(For every Season bears not every thing,
No more than Autumn fruits adorn the Spring).
But if it does, it makes but little stay ;
Next *Course* of time serv'd up takes it away.

For if you point at pleasures, that require
 To be enjoy'd by Youth or Age entire ;
 That age is *gone*, e're you effect your thought,
 Or else more years soon after *push* it out.
 If those things take you, that suppose a Peace ;
 Or War *prevents*, or close may *follow* these,
 And you of all your purposes disseize.
 But if you such a sanguine Creature are,
 To place your main delight in acts of War ;
 Some milder Being keeps the Nations *tight*,
 Or makes 'em their contentions to *remit*, (loam,
 When Death has *cram'd* your mouth with blood and
 Or else return'd again disabled home,
 Perhaps you've *satisfy'd* your *longing* mind,
 And left some *fragments* of your limbs behind.
 In short, if Pelf amass'd, if Land, or House,
 Be th' end, to which your labours you dispose ;
 Only some *friendly* opportunities
 Give the *Adventurer* so great a *Prize*,
 Without which nothing else but *Blanks* will rise.

But grant you *draw* with skill, or *hit* by chance;

Another chance may *rob* you of your gains;

Or *strike* your self, and render you unfit

To *taste* the grateful *relish* of that hit;

Or else, Relations dead, debauch'd, undone,

Embitter Plenty by compassion;

With many more *Et cetera's* of ills,

The least of which all your enjoyments *spills*.

Which having well consider'd, I adore

The care of all the Worlds great Governour,

Who so conducts his Government, that we

Through force might to the true *Asylum* flee.

For as the *golden chain* of Providence,

That *links* together various events

With various contrivance, forward tends

To reach God's own inscrutable ends:

So does it guide Observers, that attend,

Up to that Heaven, from whence it does descend.

Here all things altering and unfaithful are;

All methods dark and intricate appear.

This

This raises our research to that degree,
 That from its *soaring pinions* we can see
 A World beyond this Worlds convexity ;
 Where Happiness is ever sure and true,
 And fully prov'd, presenting to the view
 The books of *Providence* and *Nature* too ;
 Those books, which so perplexing to us now
 There *puny Saints* *unriddle* and read through.

To that most fortunate and blessed *Clime*
Convey me, Lord, in thy appointed time.
 And ere that great advancement comes, do thou
 Kindly vouchsafe this *Earnest* ere I go ;
 That I with prudence and content may pass
 The unknown tale of my remaining days,
 Not too much fretted with that Vanity,
 From which but few things in this world are free
 And this my grateful Verse shall ever own
 Thy gift and thy beneficence alone.
 For well I am assur'd, that thy Decree
 Can never *warp* or be repeal'd for me :

But

But still those Laws, which former Ages sway'd,
By this and those to come must be obey'd ;
Those Laws, which in th' ethereal *Arches* kept
On *Adamantine plates* are grav'd ;
Which Nature and Mankind are govern'd by,
The *constant* rules of their *inconstancy*.

BUT as I turn the *Pencil* of my eye
From Fate and Nature to Society,
What terrifying stories does't portray
Upon the *table* of the *Retina* !
Men scrape up riches with disease and pain,
Pleasures and honours hurry to attain ;
When some pretended Law or unjust Suit
Recalls them all ; it may be life to boot.
And then [too late] they wish, they had bestow'd
Their time and strength on some more certain good.

VI. From
the unequal ad-
ministration of
Justice, by
which
Men are
many
times
wrongful-
ly diseized
of what
they get,
and some-
times lose
their lives
beside, ch.
3. v. 16. to
ch. 4.

When Man began to multiply his race,
And propagated life did still encrease,
The *shooting branches* intermixt did twist, *
And so confounded humane interest.

Each

Each fought his own, even with another's wrong,
 Tho't were the aged *Stock*, from whence he *sprung*,
 Like hungry *Tigers* *wrangling* for their prey
 The stoutest bore the bloody *pledge* away.
 So cruel Man, so brutish did he seem,
 The Woods had lost their serity in him.

Then God exerting favour to Mankind
 Them from themselves intended to defend
 (Lest they should fall, as Heathen Poets feign
 Of our *Phenician* Neighbours *crop* of men),
 Clear'd up their reasons, taught 'em to relent,
 And wisely to submit to Government ;
 Where Liberty being circumscrib'd by rules,
 The *Weak* might live with *Strong*, with *Knaves* poor
 But yet both *Ethnic* Courts, and even thine, (*Fools*,
 False *Israel*, pervert the great design:
 And what a *hedge* to justice Heaven meant,
 Is made a *Blind* to catch the innocent.
 Justice ! A reverend and awful sound,
 But the true substance no where to be found ;

A barren theme for mooted Colleges
 To laugh at, when their disputations cease.
 And if the Prophets Schools themselves transgress
 Their own so celebrated principles;
 What may we think of Civil *Sanhedrims*,
 Where Lucre umpires quarrels, judges crimes ?
 Trust but a Present to bespeak your Cause,
 T' engage the Old man's sight, and hide the Laws,
 The *Nasi* or the *Ab-beth-din* will bow,
 And promise to forswear himself for you.
 A Treat tack'd to a plausible address,
 The interest of beloved Friend or Vice,
 A Great man's favour, that implicit Bribe,
 A State intrigue, or noisy *Baal-rib*,
 (Beside what Spite, or Ignorance have done,
 Or Criticism, or *Belial's* perjur'd Sons)
 How many right Proprietors have cast ?
 How many Names smote with a sudden blast ?
 How many lives, which justice ought to save,
 Doom'd to a Gibbet and ignoble Grave,

Woofe Souls under Heaven's *Saphire* altar lie,
 And now for vengeance to th' Almighty cry?
 No matter what or where your Trial is,
 Whether it be in *Palestine* or *Greece* :
 The Urn's a *Lottery*, and 'tis a Bet,
 Whether the *Tan's* or *Theta's* will exceed.
 Such are the Tenures, that men labour for,
 Which got expose them but to lose the more.

Here turn, my Pen, to meditate upon
 A not impertinent Digression.
 Sure there's another Life : for else, if not,
 How vastly miserable is their lot,
 Who through unjust awards are damn'd to die,
 Or pine away in shame and poverty ?
 Or how can God his Attributes acquit,
 Or shew his Love and Justice infinite
 And equal to that Might, (for so't must be,
 To make a *ballance* in the Deity)
 Which first gave birth to *Adam's* family ;
 Unless a future State shall equalize
 The differing inequalities of this ;

When

When the *Messiah* from the Clouds shall break
The *Sun* of righteousness, and undertake
To audit and adjust those vast *Accounts*,
To which the *reckoning* of the World amounts?

Mean time that such unreasonable Powers,
Who judge with partiality and force,
Might understand how near they are ally'd
To Wolves and all the ravening *Class* beside!
True, some things *all* men help to constitute
Common to them and to the thoughtless Brute.
Both draw the *same* aerial blasts, which blow
The *same* dark flame within their veins does flow.
Both to the *Earth* return, and both from thence
Do their obscure originals commence.

As some of *Assur's* Monarchs may have sprung
(When this is true, why should I hold my tongue?)

From what was once but bare Plebeian dung;

Altho by Matter's restless circling on

The Ordure rose from Close-stool to a Throne:

So now where sleep the royal Carcasses,

The very Dogs lift up the leg and piss.

Therefore

Therefore what specifies the different kind;
 Makes Man no Beast, is his *immortal Mind*.
 The brutish Soul, but sensual, ne're survives
 The *breaking* of that body, where it lives:
 But when the *Hull's* absorpt, in which it *plies*,
 It *sinks*, and true Companion with it dies.
 Not so the Soul of Man, whose better make
 Does longer life and nobler Kin bespeak:
 Whose Understanding with a *piereing sight*
Looks through the World, and *peeps* at Infinite:
 VVhose Will through no necessity does act,
 But all free its own desires does direct
 To this or that, or any new-found Tract.
 For thus it is distinguish'd from that *Cell*,
 Dull *cell*, in which it *sojourns* for a while:
 And when the *doors* are *op'd*, to God it flies,
 And emulateth Angels in its rise.
 So Fire, when grosser parts with weight fall down,
 Scarce stops below the Concave of the Moon.
 But how can these unequal Judges own
 This, tho apparent, wide distinction,

VVho

VWho by their arbitrary carriage seem
To think all Judgment terminates in them ?
The Lion dies not thinking of his prey,
Nor any account to come ; just so do they.
So like they make themselves to Savages ;
And while they would be *more* than Men, are *less*.
Nay, they are *faln* below the pitch of *Beast*,
VWho dare be such under that specious vest,
The robe of God's authority impress.

AS when some weary Traveller has past
The difficulties of a dismal Waste ;
And now expecting a more pleasant course,
He finds his way *degenerate* to worse ;
Sees craggy rocks and mountains hang before,
Or hears *unbridled* rivers fiercely roar,
While hasty Night spreads from the Western shore.
So after many tedious journeys made,
VWhere men with others Lives and Fortunes trade,
(Nor could my Rule correct what there was bad)
I hop'd some smoother progress to have had.

VII.
From that
great Op-
pression
practis'd
in the
world, by
which
men are
often dis-
poiled of
their gains,
and redu-
ced to mi-
sery after
all their
labours,
ch. 4. v. 1.
to 4.

But all in vain; such griefs did me dismay'd on / V
 And damp'd the comfort of this next survey,
 Which to make better (as I use to do
 Sometimes) I went about *incognito*.
 I saw a sort of melancholy Folks,
 Lurking in covert holes or lonesome walks,
 Whose tatter'd coats and *lowering* countenance
 Shew'd them in some afflictive circumstance;
 So fraid of humane face or two-leg'd tread,
 They started, when the leaves but *whispered*.
 At length my method led me to a place,
 To which more privilege appendant was,
 Either by custom or by strength maintain'd,
 Where such as they a short Protection gain'd.
 Here one less coy ask'd me, What sly intent
 Brought me to trouble their retirement?
 No ill attempt upon you, I reply'd,
 But meerly Curiosity's my guide,
 A large desire of knowing what is done
 'Mong all the *gilded* objects of the Sun,
 Which now for several years has toll'd me on
 Through many a mournful observation,

And

And prompts me further to request of you
 A true account of this confounding shew.
 He then compos'd into a pleasing air,
 Which told what once his charms and graces were,
 Thus gave his words the wing :
 We once were *Men*, and free as others are
 To choose our conversation any where ;
 When yet we had no urging cause to shun
 The barbarous *Bailiff* or the instant *Dun*.
 But as when Summer days and warmth decay,
 The Summer birds grow silent and give way ;
 In airy *troops* they call their fellows forth
 Fearing the pointed *Armies* of the North,
 Then *post* themselves in rocks and hollow trees,
 Where they endure the Winter's *siege* and miss
 The *ravage* of their freezing *enemies* :
 So we, when troubles *shicken'd* in our *Sphere*,
 Thought it our wisest method to retire ;
 Some to avoid th' inhumane *Fiends*, that hale
 Reluctant *Captives* to a noisome Jail ;

Some to decline their clamorous Creditors,
 That still *block up* or *batter* at their doors;
 All this we undergo, and more than this,
 For *little* peccadillo's, or what's less,
 For *none*; even more than Rhetoric can express.
 The eloquence of Misery appears
 Most, when it speaks by silence and by tears.
 But is it lawful then, said I, to know
 To what first *cause* these grievances you owe?
 I don't, return'd the Man, impute this ill
 To cruelty in God or in his Will.
 For when he made the aged *Void* to *teem*,
 And out of *Nothing* all these *Somethings* came;
 Left clashing they should spoil their happiness,
 On them peculiar *Laws* he did impress,
 The lasting marks of their Creator's care,
 Which they *enacted* on their bosoms bear.
 To Man Reason's this Law, a certain *Glue*
 This *Labyrinth* of things to lead him through;
 Which lost or not observ'd, he quickly errs,
 And hurts himself or *Fellow-Passengers*.

Hence

Hence springs our woe, oppress'd by those are great;
But void of Reason (too sure! we suffer by't).
Here's one, tho of no finer matter made,
Nor better Pedigree trac'd to the head;
Yet scorns his Brother, an Ignoble Swain,
And swells himself for being Gentleman.
He thinks he rivals him, and perks too high;
He'll teach him Manners and his Family:
Tho *Guards* of Angels at that very time
Perhaps may condescend to wait on him,
Another has observ'd some petty flight;
The Clown's Devoirs were not shap'd out right.
This mighty wrong the Courtier does resent,
Sure to revenge the want of Complement.
The Tradesman thinks his profit is too small,
If, others not suppress, he gets not all.
The Magistrate hates to be *cramp'd* with Laws;
Or wear such *Mittens* on his greedy claws.
Therefore (for few transcribe from *Solomon*)
Pretending *Public* good, when 'tis his own,

He taxes people out of all they have
 Their threaten'd Properties forsooth to save;
 But if that fails, yet he has other ways:
 A Plot's the Statesman's well-known Common-place;
 A Plot, of which the Father call'd knows least;
 But yet which seldom dies, if neatly dress'd.
 For when't has tasted air, it lives and thrives,
 And deals in Mercenary Narratives:
 Till the poor Innocent in this surprize
 Is almost made a spotless Sacrifice;
 And tho he escapes, 'tis with expence and late,
 Glad to be banter'd out of his Estate.
 By such oppressive means as these undone
 We're forc'd to tick for bread, then forc'd to run:
 VVhile others caught from some old Prison-grate
 Are angling for their livings with a Hat;
 Or by a tedious Servitude the debt
 Work out, which this Oppression did beget,
 Their Family perhaps and tender Sons
 Sold too, inheriting their Fathers wrongs.

But what torments us more than being undone,

Is (oh!) our ruin'd reputation,

That heap of scandals and pretended lies,

Which the Oppressor's chiefest engine is,

And top of all our mighty miseries.

But there's no help: For strength & power are there,

While to our shrieks and plaints men deafe are

Than raging Sea to swearing Mariner.

Such is the end of all our mighty pains;

This all, that of our labours now remains!

He ended here, and made me praise the dead

From all their potent Circumventors freed.

But happier they, who *never were*, to live

And see these evils, which us *Beings* grieve,

But can't affect their quiet *Negative*.

If when so many Arguments *conspire*

VIII.
From that
Envy,
which [in
the last
place]

To moderate Men's labours and desire,

There's any need of one more in the *rear*:

most surely attends Mens successful labours, and these effects of them, which are least obnoxious to the forementioned vanities and dangers, ch. 4^v

v. 4, 5, 6.

Suppose you're prosperous, and have that luck,
 T' evade th' Oppressor's gripe, and Tyrant's stroke;
 Yet what another *Monster* you provoke?
 The Envious man; than whom no *Feature* worse
 Sin e're brought forth, or *Satan* took to nurse.
 If but a word drops in another's praise,
 What stupifying vapours does it raise.
 In him? But if he sees his Flock increase,
 Free from the Pastor's fear, Wolves and Disease:
 Or sees the evening breeze slide o're his grain,
 And make *dry waves* upon the bearded plain,
 While well-fill'd ears, their gratitude to show,
 Before the *Fanner* of the Country bow:
 This jars upon his Soul, which in a fit
 Draws in it self, and shivers at the sight.
 As when some hated Object strikes the eye,
 And entering works by strong Antipathy,
 The writen fibres all the Stomach strain,
 And every cell conceives a qualmy pain:
 So is he mov'd. His Countenance grows glum,
 Or else with quick returns does go and come.

His eyes look glaz'd and narrow all the while,
 Seeming important mischief to foretel.
 The Hag, that has drunk poison at a pap,
 And dandled many an Imp upon her lap,
 Can't look more venom'd malice into those,
 That she bewitches, than his lids disclose.
 And tho the listless Lubber yawning stands
 Within his bosom folding up his hands,
 Nor stirs his present blessings to improve,
 But pines because more fall not from above,
 As if ill-nature were the proper means
 Appointed to derive us gifts from thence,
 And make us *Darlings* of God's Providence
 Yet to fulfil his rancour and his spite
 His mind is brisk, his heavy limbs are light.
 He plots to pull that jutting fortune down,
 Which hangs above the level of his own.
 So vicious is his nature, that if God
 In golden showers should descend to load
 And strow with lightning Ingots all his grounds,
 Comprizing *Havilah* within their Mounds

Beside

Beside conferring pleasures and renown
 Answerable to that other mighty boon:
 Yet still he'd envy Monarchs and their Power,
 And be no more contented than before.
 And were he so advanc'd, and set alone
 A formal thing upon a lofty throne,
 Put into cumbering furs and useles gems,
 Wrapt up in purple, prest with diadems,
 Gaz'd at, like Comets in the Country Towns,
 When all the Greens are fill'd with whispering
 Yet still he'd envy on, and if he has (Clowns:
 Sense to conceive Superiour Essences,
 He'd envy those Angelic hosts above,
 That now on Heaven's glassy champain move.
 And could he but be chang'd to one of them,
 And yet the carker of his mortal frame
 With that ethereal nature be the same;
 He'd scorn Creation and its upstart brood
 To envy what's eternal, even God.
 He'd envy that tremendous Shechinah,
 Which no pretending mortal can display;

That glorious Throne of purest Diamond,
Which glomerated Clouds and Fires surround;
That Canopy, that covers it, of rays
And Rainbows interweav'd a thousand ways;
Those sulgid Ministers of Heaven's Court,
That to th' Almighty's service do resort;
Those warlike millions of winged Bands
Drawn up, where Michael's flaming Banner stands;
Those Trumpets, and those Songs, that celebrate
The Triumphs of their King and all his State.
In short, how e're prefer'd, his Envy yet,
The eye-fore only chang'd, would be as great.

Far better is that Cottager's poor case,
Who from his smothering Hiro thrusts out his face
Through some kind cranny, which his walls afford
Made of the same frail matter with their Lord,
To ease and cleanse his lungs, with sweeter air,
Of that collected smoke they suck'd in there,
And spies six dappled Steeds of some great Peer
Scarce govern'd by the brawny Charioteer;

Views the proud Chariot drawn in State about,
 Proud of its gaudy ornaments without,
 But prouder of those glistering Sparks within,
 Which there, like Stars, through Glasses must be seen,
 Marks the pert Footmen hanging on the Rails,
 And all the waiting, cringing Animals;
 And then can pull his head into his clay,
 Nor grudge at all the Pomp, that pass'd that way.

So void of reason, void of happiness
 Is Envy, the old Snake's especial Vice,
 And yet 'tis propagated every where;
 No Country from the ugly *Spawn* is clear.
 From th' utmost Southern point our Fleet descry'd
 To *Tyre's* last Colony o'th' other side;
 Where e're you choose your dwelling, more or less
 It will attend your fortune and success.
 Your squinting Neighbours they'll be strange & chide
 And then pretend forsooth, that you are high.
 If e're they can, they'll lessen your Estate,
 Your pleasures quash, your worth depreciate.

The last ne're fails : for certainly your Name

For uncommitted crimes must bear the blame.

Some odious pranks are whisper'd up and down,

For which you're often try'd by every one

O'th' Gossiping and drinking Gangs in town.

These mischiefs do prosperity attend ;

And thus at best Men's *worldly* labours end.

Hence therefore may *I* neither be *remiss*,

To lose my life in lounging idleness ;

Nor lay out *all* my time, my strength, and care,

Meerly for what's but vanity and air :

But may the ends that I propound, be *good*,

By Heaven commanded, or at least allow'd,

And with a *fitting* industry pursu'd.

For then tho' Worldly ills should obviate,

Or overtake me here ; not stir'd for that,

With comfort I may wait the *Setting Sun*

And surer *wages* of my *Days-work* done.

A PARA-

The last of these : for certainly your name
For my name is written on the book of life
Some of your friends are wither'd up and down
For which you often sigh'd by every one
Oh! O! and the King of Kings in crown
These things are in your heart, my friend;
And this is all I have to say to you
He that is in the world, let him be wise
To love his life, is loving his life;
Nor is it of my duty, my strength, and care,
Mourn for what's past, and what's to come;
But let the world be as it is, and let
Be the world as it is, and let it show
And let the world be as it is, and let
For the world is the world, and let it show
Or ever I meet; and let it show
What's to be, I may well know the way
And let the world be as it is, and let

A
P A R A P H R A S E
O N
Part of the BOOK
O F
Ecclesiastes,

Expressing the *Sense* of it, and
how it is the *Ground* of the fore-
going P O E M.

With some *few* N O T E S.

C H A P. I.

1. **T**HE [¹Satyrical] Words of ²Kobeletb
[or ²Solomon], the Son [³and true Suc-
cessor in Poetry] of [⁴that] David,
[who was] ⁵King in *Jerusalem*,
2. O^s vanity of vanities! (saith Kobeletb)
O^s vanity of vanities! All [that this World con-
tains]

tains] is [but] ^svanity [^slying and deceitful, making great promises of true Happiness, but in reality being ^sempty and *fleeting* as a vapour.]

3. What ⁶profit [then] hath Man of all his [⁷eager, ⁷boundless] ⁷labour, ⁷which he taketh *meerly* for these present things] under the Sun [without any great regard to those of the future World]?

4. [For, *in the first place*, he is not capable of enjoying *long* these fruits of his labours; since still in course] one Generation ⁸returns [to the Earth], and another cometh [into their room]; [nay,] and the Earth [it self] abides [but] for a [certain, tho] ⁹unknown time.

5. [And lest Mankind should forget this *return* to the ground, from whence they originally came, the like *return* to the place of setting out is exemplified and to be seen in other things.] The Sun also ariseth, and the Sun goeth down, and hasteth to the place where he arose.

6. The ¹⁰Wind [too] ¹⁰goeth toward the South, and turneth about unto the North: it whirleth about continually, and the Wind returneth again according to its circuits.

7. [And so again] all the Rivers run into the Sea, [and] yet the Sea is not full: [for it refunds them, either through subterraneous veins and springs, or by the mediation of vapours and clouds, to chanel again. And thus] unto the place from whence the Rivers come, thither they return again.

8. [But granting Man were longer-lived, than indeed he is; yet still, *in the second place*, there is but *little Satisfaction* to be had from those worldly enjoyments he so much contends for. For] all things are full of ¹¹labour [ing and ¹¹weakness, and altogether

altogether " unable to perform those promises of felicity, which they make him. This is so true, that] man cannot utter [or sufficiently express] it: the Eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the Ear filled with hearing, [nor can any of our other Faculties acquiesce in what they meet with here as fully adequate to their desires and capacity.]

9. [This is the more evident, because there scarce remains any thing *more* to be tryed in hopes of Satisfaction, than what the World hath had experience of *already*.] The thing that hath been, is [the same with] that which shall be: and that which is done, is [as much as] that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the Sun.

10. [If any man questions this, let him think, whether he can find any considerable instance to the contrary.] Is there any thing, whereof it may be said, see, this is new? [No: whatever enjoyment is mentioned, *material* to our Satisfaction,] it hath been already of old time, which was before us.

11. [Indeed because Mankind hath hitherto been disappointed in all the experiments made; therefore they are in great measure apt to be forgotten again, and] there is [little or] no remembrance of [those] former things; neither [for the same reason] shall there be any remembrance of [many] things that are to come, with those that shall come after [them. But then this is no argument, that they never were: it only proves, (as I said) that men were disappointed upon their tryal of them, and found nothing that merited a Testimony to be left upon record].

12. [*Thirdly*, What I say upon this Subject deserves the more credit, because] I *Kobelet* was [that] King over *Israel* in *Jerusalem* [so] justly famed
[1] for

for Greatness and Knowledge, conferred by the Divine bounty in an extraordinary manner upon me, above all Mankind].

13. [Nor had I these advantages of knowing the truth of this matter only; but I added *industry* and *observation* also,] and I gave my heart to seek and search out by [my] knowledge concerning all things, that are done under Heaven ([for] this fore travel hath God given to the Sons of Man, to be "exercised [or] "humbled] with it, [*viz.* that they cannot know things by *intuition*, as purer Beings do, but must find them out, the best of them all, by *indagation* and *study*]).

14. [And now] I have seen [and considered] all the works [of men] that are done [and terminate in things] under the Sun; [my Judgment is against them,] and [I must say] behold all is Vanity and "vexation of Spirit.

15. [There's no help in this case: for] that which is oblique, [and leads us beside the ends, that we aim at,] cannot be rectified: and that which is defective [in those ends, which we do obtain, is so much, that it] cannot be numbered.

16. [I confess, at first I was something surprised at this my self, and] I communed with mine own heart, saying, Lo, I am come to great estate, and [that it might fit the more usefully and becomingly upon me] have gotten more Knowledge than all they that have been before me in *Jerusalem*: yea, my heart hath had great experience in Understanding and Knowledge.

17. [For improvement in this hath been in great measure my business, ever since God upon my petition qualified me with Judgment and other faculties capable of it;] and I gave my heart to understand [what is *properly* called] Knowledge, [nay,]

[nay,] and to know [all that too, which *usurps* the same name, but is in truth rather] Madness and Folly. [And now is all this nothing? But here, alas,] I perceived, that [not only] this [unnecessary Greatness (tho I had Understanding to govern it and make the best of it) was Vanity; but even that Knowledge *it self*] also is [tinctured with it, and often begets] vexation of Spirit.

18. For in much Knowledge is much disturbance of mind [not only at the vulgar follies of Mankind, but even at the nauseous formalities and false reasonings of those, that pretend to advance Learning]: and he that increaseth Knowledge, increaseth [a] sorrow [-ful prospect].

C H A P. II.

1. [Fourthly, Lest those that have fixed their thoughts upon the enjoyments of this life, should not be content with so general a Testimony, I made a particular scrutiny into the principal of them. And first I made experiment of that kind of enjoyment, which consists in *Follity*:] I said in my heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with *Mirth*; therefore enjoy what is proper [to that end]. And [when I had done so,] behold, this also was Vanity.

2. I said of Laughter [and the ludicrous way of creating it, jesting, dancing, sporting, &c.] It is [but a transcript of the wry faces, freakish talk, and antick gesticulations of] mad [folks]: and of Mirth, What [great matter] doth it [tend to? What enchantment is it, that makes men throw away their time and opportunities of better things upon such extravagance?]

3. [Then, being thus disappointed of true happiness here,] I sought in mine heart to give myself unto ¹⁷ Wine, [and ¹⁷ drunkenness, so much in fashion], (¹⁸ and my heart led me according to [its] knowledge [and sagacity the most advantageous way to it,]) and to lay hold on folly [(for so I must now call it)], till I might see whether this was *that Good* for the Sons of Men, which they should do under the Heaven all the days of their life. [But here I met with a much greater disappointment still; instead of pleasure misery, so great and confounding, that I hate to think or say any more of it, but withal so visible, that I need not.].

4. [Therefore in the next place, to mention but one particular more, but that of a large extent and much juster pretensions to Happiness, I made a large trial of *Magnificence*, and *State*, and *Riches*, &c. For] I made me great Works: I builded me Houses: I planted me Vineyards, [which indeed I ought to have mentioned before; because they supplied me in the experiment of Wine]:

5. I made me Gardens and Orchards; and I planted trees in them of all kind of fruits:

6. I made me Pools [and other conveniences] of water, to [better my prospect, and encrease my state, as well as to] water therewith the Wood, that bringeth forth trees, [and the Flowers, &c.]:

7. I got me Servants and Maidens, and had Servants born in my house: also I had great possessions of great and small Cattel, above all that were in *Jerusalem* before me:

8. I gathered me also Silver and Gold, and the peculiar treasure of Kings and of the Provinces: I got me Men-fingers, and Women-fingers, and the

the delights of the Sons of Men, as ¹⁹ Musical Instruments, and that of all sorts.

9. So I was *great*, and increased more than all that were before me in *Jerusalem* ([for beside other advantages, which I had above them, I had this] also, [that] my Knowledge ²⁰ assisted me):

10. And whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them; I withheld not mine heart from any joy. [At last I had some pleasure indeed to see all my projects effected:] for my heart rejoiced in [the finishing of] all my labour, [as is usual for men to do in the most useless, insipid things]: but this [alas] was my *portion* [the poor reward] of all my labour.

11. Then [I began to consider further, and] I looked on all the Works, that my hands had wrought; and on all the labour, that I had laboured to do: and behold all was Vanity and vexation of Spirit [bringing *cares* upon me, and exposing me to *envy* and *danger*]; and there was no [true] profit under the Sun [in these *superfluous* instances of Greatness, the meer effects of *pride*, or *luxury*, or *curiosity* at best].

12. And [moreover when] I turned my self to behold *Wisdom* [and useful Knowledge], and [to compare it with the] Madness and Folly [of the World] (for [who can do this better than I? Or] what can the man do that cometh after the King? [Nothing, but] that which hath been already done):

13. Then I saw [quickly] that Wisdom excelleth Folly, as far as Light excelleth Darknes.

14. [For] the Wise man's eyes are in his head, [he sees before him into the distant future State, and accordingly propounds such ends, as are conducive to his happiness in it;] but the Fool [and

only he] walketh in darknes, [and as it were groping out his way lays hold of these things, that are next him. This is the true difference between them; for as to other things, and particularly their death, their circumstances are much the same;] and I my self perceived, that one event happeneth to them all.

15. And [therefore with good reason] I [put this Question to my self, and] said in my heart, As it happeneth to the Fool, so it happeneth even to me; and why was I then more *wise*? [It cannot be upon the score of these present objects of Sense, which the Fool is capable of enjoying as long as I. So that] then I [concluded and] said [again] in my heart, That this [violent pursuit after Wealth and Pleasure] is even Vanity, [and either the effect of Foolishness, or an abuse of Knowledge, which is given for greater purposes].

16. [If it be said, that these great Works, which I have made, and that Grandeur I have brought my self to, will immortalize my Name in History, and make me famous for Wisdom and Contrivance, and by that sufficiently recompence me for all my pains and care; upon examination I fear it will be found otherwise.] For there is no remembrance of the *Wise* [propagated] "to [future] unknown ages more than of the *Fool*; seeing that which now is, in the days to come shall be forgotten; [either for want, or by the death, or through the *unfaithfulness* of History:] and [therefore now] how dieth the wise man? as the Fool: [he hath no pre-eminence over him in this neither.]

17. Therefore I [even] hated life, because the work that is wrought under the Sun, is grievous unto me: for all is Vanity and vexation of Spirit.

18. Yea,

18. Yea, [for a greater reason still] I hated all my labour, which I had taken under the Sun ; because I should leave it unto the man, that shall be after me.

19. And who knoweth, whether he shall be a wise man or a fool ? [A fool most probably ; since the number of such exceeds the contrary. However in a succession of Heirs it must pass through the hands of many. Therefore whether my circumstances and the Fool's, as to the forementioned instances of *present Sense* and *future Name* be different, or no ;] yet shall he [succeed me and] have rule over all my labour, wherein I have laboured, and wherein I have shewed my self wise [in respect of things] under the Sun, This is also [a] Vanity, [which affects these products of worldly labours].

20. Therefore I went about to cause my heart to despair of all the labour, which I took under the Sun.

21. For there is a man, whose labour is [done] with understanding, and knowledge, and ²² success ; yet to a man, that hath not laboured therein, shall he leave it for his portion. This [I say] also is vanity and a great evil [indeed].

22. [But it is the greater, because there is nothing to ballance all these evils and disappointments.] For what hath Man of all his [excessive] labour, and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath laboured [for a fancied Felicity] under the Sun ?

23. [Instead of acquiring any great matters, he *loseth* that good, which he might enjoy here :] for all his days are sorrows, and his business grief ; yea, his heart taketh not rest in the night. This is even [a double] vanity.

24. " Is it not [more] convenient for a man, that he should [*moderately*] eat and drink, and that he should make his Soul enjoy [some] good, [so much as is *truly* so,] in his [*regular* and *reasonable*] labour? [But] this also I [considered, and] saw, that it was from the hand of God.

25. For who can eat, or who can hasten hereunto²⁴ without him?

26. For [it is] he giveth to a man that is good in his sight, [true] wisdom, and knowledge, and joy: but to the sinner he giveth travel, to gather, and to heap up, that he may give to him that is good before God. [In short] this [whole experiment] is also [(for I must repeat it)] Vanity and vexation of Spirit.

C H A P. III.

1. [*A fifth argument* against mens toiling so intensely for the things of this world is the *uncertainty* of them. For] to every thing there is [*but*] a ²⁵ Season, and [*but*] a ²⁶ time to every purpose under the Heaven, [wherein they can be either *obtained*, or *kept*. So that men either get *nothing* by such labours, or but that which is *liable to be taken away again* in a little space].

2. [For which way ever we turn our eyes, the revolution of contrary Seasons is visible. There is] a time to be *born*, and [soon after] a [nother] time to *die*: a time to *plant*, and a [nother] time to *pluck up* that which is planted:

3. A time for *killing* [and mortality], and [not always] a time for *healing* [the wounds of Sword or Accident]: a time to *break down*, and [not always] a time to *build up*:

4. A time to *weep*, and [not always] a time to *laugh*; [or (which is the same)] a time to *mourn* [under the sense of affliction], and [not always] a time to *dance* :

5. A time [for foolish or vicious folks] to *throw away* ²⁷ precious stones, and [not always] a time to *gather* [these] stones together : a time to *embrace*, and a [nother] time to *refrain* from embracing :

6. A time to *get*, and a [nother] time to *lose* [again]; [and so] a time [much of the same nature] to *keep*, and a [nother] time [when men are forced] to *cast away*, [and part with what they have] :

7. A time to ²⁸ *rent* [cloaths for the death of Relations or Friends], and a [nother] time to *sew* [them up, till some fresh occasion tears the seam again] : a time to *keep silence*, and [not always] a time to *speak*, [however your industry or your judgment have qualified you for it].

8. A time to *love*, and a [nother] time to *hate* : a time of *war*, and [not always] a time of *peace*.

9. What *profit* [then, at least what *lasting* profit] hath he that worketh, in that wherein he laboureth?

10. [For] I have seen the travel, which God hath given to the Sons of Men, to be exercised in it :

11. [And I believe,] he hath made every thing beautiful in his time [; and that this variety of Seasons and events makes an admirable Scheme of Providence] : [but then] he hath also ²⁹ given them an ²⁹ *unknown continuance* [and *unknown vicissitudes*], so that no man can find out the work that God hath made, from the beginning to the end [; no man can *comprehend* the method of Providence at present, or know either when the successful season for

for labours will *come*, or when it is come, how long it will *stay* and permit him to enjoy the fruits of them].

12. [Therefore] I am sensible there is no good in them, but [when they agree with the measures of our duty (for *such* labours will be recompenced hereafter, however they speed here), and tend to enable a man] to be chearful [in God's service], and to do good in his life :

13. And also that [to this end] every man [according to his *condition*] should eat and drink [with *discretion* so much as is sufficient for this purpose], and enjoy good, [that is, what is *proper* for him, content at least] in all his labour. [For] this is the gift of God.

14. [And] I know, [as I said before,] that whatsoever God doth, it is for an unknown time : nothing can be put to it, nor any thing taken from it [; the Seasons cannot be *lengthened*, or *shortened*, or any way *accommodated* to our design, but just as he pleases]. And this God doth, that men should fear before him, [and by promoting his glory strive to attain to that better State, where the History of the World will be exposed to view, and all its intricate varieties explained].

15. [This is that, which he doth, and always hath aimed at :] that which hath been, is now ; and that which is to be, hath already been ; and God [still] seeketh the [same] ¹⁰ thing pursued.

16. But moreover [beside the changeable nature of things, in the *sixth* place, there is such an *unequal administration of Justice* ; that a man can scarce be secure of any external possession, nor even of his life it self : which is no *inconsiderable* objection against those labours, which are levelled *only* at such things, as are to be enjoyed in this life, and may by this
injustice

injustice one time or other be ravished from the Owner. For] I have seen under the Sun the place of Judgment, that wickedness is there; and the place of righteousness, that iniquity is there.

17. [Upon which I immediately fell into such meditation as this:] I said in mine heart; [Surely] God will judge the righteous and the wicked; for ^{it} then will be a time for every purpose and for every work [to be examined over again, to the punishment of evil Magistrates, and the recompence of those that have suffered under them; without which the Divine justice it self can scarce be impartial and perfect].

18. I said [also] in mine heart concerning the estate of the Sons of men [, Oh], that God would manifest to them, and that they might see, that they themselves are [like] beasts!

19. For that which befalleth the Sons of men [in general], befalleth beasts, even one thing befalleth them: as the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath: so that a man hath no pre-eminence [in this] above a beast: for all is vanity.

20. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all return to the dust [again].

21. [But wicked Judges more *especially* resemble beasts; they are beasts even in that, which chiefly differences the two *Species*. For] who [among them] knoweth [or *considereth*] the Spirit of Man, that goeth *upward*, and the Spirit of the Beast, that goeth *downward* to the Earth? [They act not, as if their Souls were immortal, or as if they expected any *judgment* after their *own*.]

22. Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man should [propound *good* ends to himself, and then] rejoice in [the *integrity* of his designs,

designs, and in the *lawful fruition* of that issue of] his works, [which God gives them, whatever it is, without *eagerness* and *solicitude* for more]; for that is his portion [here, and a portion that must be taken now or not at all too]: for who shall bring him [back after death] to see what shall be after him, [or give him any more opportunities]?

C H A P. IV.

1. So [leaving this argument] I returned and considered [another, being the *seventh* against men's indefatigable moiling for the things of this World, taken from] all [those other] *Oppressions* that are done under the Sun, and [proceed not only from perverted justice in the place of judgment, but from the pride, covetousness, ill-nature, or revenge of those in general, that have power, subtilty, or wealth enough to circumvent and crush their Neighbours. This is a grievous evil indeed, oft bereaves men of all their *dearly* earned gains, and at last leaves them in a forlorn condition, as I my self with a great deal of horreur observed. For] behold, the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no [t so much as a] Comforter: and [the reason was,] on the side of their Oppressors there was power, and [therefore] they had no [one durst be their] Comforter.

2. Wherefore I praised the Dead, which are already dead, more than the Living which are yet alive.

3. Yea, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the Sun.

4. Again, [*in the last place,*] I considered all travel and [even] every ²² right [and ²³ successful] work,

work, [which as far as is possible, escapes the forementioned disappointments and chances ;] that for this a man is *envied* of his Neighbour, [and thereby is forced to conflict with many contumelies and disturbances]. This is also Vanity and vexation of Spirit.

5. [This is true, tho it be unreasonable ; tho] the [envious] Fool [perhaps] foldeth his hands together, and eateth his own flesh, [pining away for what he has not, but not stirring to obtain that which he so much admires and therefore envies in others] :

6. [And tho, to allow him his idleness, what he already hath, even] a *handful* is better with quietness [of mind], than both the hands full with the³³ labour and vexation of [his] Spirit [: I say, notwithstanding this, envy is the fate of the best of *Worldly* labours].

NOTES

On the foregoing

P A R A P H R A S E.

1. **R.** *Iarchi* upon this place says, כל מקום שנאמר דברי אינו אלא דברי תוכחות וכו' *that generally signifies words of reproof*, that is, of the nature of a Satyr. But whether this be true or no; the *matter* of this book, and especially of that part which I am concerned in, will admit the Epithet.

2. Tho both the *Seventy* and our *English* Version take קוהלת for an Appellative name, and render it *Εκκλησιαστος*, or, *of the Preacher*; yet I do not believe this to be a true account of the word. *First*, because קהל does not signify, *to preach*, but, *to assemble a Congregation together*, &c. *Secondly*, it is a thing I suppose not practised, in the Title of a book to expresse the Author, not by his name, but by some *attribute* or *property*; unless it be in a buffoonish way, or when an Author desires to be concealed. *Thirdly*, if ever in other cases it is or may be used, yet certainly the attribute or quality substituted into the room of the Author's proper name

name ought to be the most *eminent* one belonging to him, and so *peculiar* to him too, as in this case to distinguish him at least from the other Writers of the Bible. But if this rule be observed, *Solomon* can by no means be here called *the Preacher*. For in the History of him he is celebrated for his wealth, his knowledge, his Proverbs, &c. but scarce for his Preaching. Or however, granting that he may in some sense be called a *Preacher*, this cannot distinguish him from many of the other Prophets, who preached more properly and frequently, than he did; it being the very business they were sent for, to admonish the people, either of their duty, or the punishments due to their disobedience. *Fourthly*, if it be a Common word, it must be a Participle, and agree with some Substantive. This they say is נפש or חכמה or some such thing understood: and so the sentence filled up runs thus, דברי איש בטל נפש קוהלת ונו. Now what a monstrous arbitrary *Ellipsis* is this? No common mode of speaking, no scope of an Author, no necessity of the sentence determine these to be the words suppressed, any more than many others, that might be inserted. 'Tis true *Vatablus* pretends custom for the understanding of these words: and to this purpose he says, that איש is understood in that phrase חמדות אלה Dan. 9. 23. and נפש in that, ותנול דור 2 Sam. 13. 39. But to this I answer, that more liberty may be taken in the body of a History, where the series of the Story will assist the Reader, than in the Title of a book, which is connected to nothing, and ought to be the plainest thing imaginable. Beside if איש be understood in one place and נפש in another, this is no authority for making both these words and one more to be understood all in one place. But further, what if

neither

neither איש nor נפש be understood at all in the fore-mentioned Texts? I am apt to believe they are nor. For as to the first quotation [*Dan. 9. 23.*], it is common in all Languages to use the *Abstract* for the *Concrete*. And therefore *Daniel* is called חמורות, the *Delight*, for נחמד, *delighted in*: just as ודון is put for דר *Jer. 50. 31.* חוטא for חטאת *Pro. 13. 6.* מישרים for ישרים *Cant. 1. 4.* האהבה for האהוב or האהובה in the same book, ch. 2. v. 7. & ch. 3. v. 5. that is in short, just as *Titus* is called by *Suetonius Amor ac delicia generis humani*. As to the other [*2 Sam. 13. 39.*], 1. If the Verb be taken *transitively*, as the nature of the Conjugation *Piel* requires; then אשתו, *David's Wife*, or אמו, *Absalom's Mother*, must be implied in the Feminine Gender here; and the sense will be, *And (she, David's Wife, the Mother of Absalom, by her frequent importunities made David long to go forth to Absalom.* Kimchi says, דחכם רבי אברהם בע פריש ותכל אשת דוד והוא פועל יוצא כלו אשתו אם אבשל' בקשה דוד מאד עד שהתאוה דוד אל אבשלום וכו' that this was *A. ben Ezra's* opinion. And the truth is, this mode of expressing a *Wife* or *Mother* by a Feminine Verb without putting down either of those words themselves, is neither *unusual* nor *unnatural*. *Numb. 26. 59.* it is said, *And the name of Amram's Wife was Jochebed, the Daughter of Levi, whom she bare [ילדה] to Levi in Egypt, i. e. whom Levi's Wife, Jochebed's Mother bare.* For who else should bear her; tho nothing be said of *Levi's Wife* or *Jochebed's Mother* before? And *1 Kings 1. 6.* *And he also was a very goodly man: and she bare [ילדה] him after Absalom, i. e. his Mother, one of David's Wives bare him.* So here, *And she made King David long to go forth unto Absalom, &c. i. e. she who might*

be supposed to have the most interest in *David* and concern for *Absalom*, as being *Wife* to the one and *Mother* to the other. 2. If the Verb be taken *intransitively* according to the opinion of some (tho by the way the *Masorethical* Note on this place does not at all confirm it, as is pretended. For it only says, that **וַתֵּכֶן** is found but twice, and in different significations: and I think to *cease*, as it denotes, *Gen.* 24. 19. and to *make to long*, are significations different enough. But granting that the Verb be taken *intransitively*) then there is an *Enallage* of the Gender indeed, but nothing understood; and so the words will be construed thus, *And King David* [not, the Soul of King David] *longed to go forth to Absalom*, &c. The reason of this perhaps may be to denote the effeminate tenderness of *David's* heart, that was quickly moved: just as on the contrary the Masculine Verb joined to a Nominative of the Feminine Gender in that *Judg.* 21. 21. **וְאֵם יִצְחָק בָּנוֹת שִׁלּוֹ וְנָוֹ**, may imply an immodesty or boldness in the Daughters of *Shiloh* above their Sex, who durst come out to dance so publickly, &c., in that *Esth.* 1. 20. **וְכָל הַנָּשִׁים יָתְנוּ יָקָר לְבַעְלֵיהֶן** may signify, that respect and submission to a Husband is the most heroical Vertue in Womankind: and in that *2 Kings* 3. 26. **חֹזֶק מַמְנוּ הַמִּלְחָמָה** may denote the Manhood used in War. But whether this reason hold or no, it is most certain that this kind of *Enallage* is common: as is plain particularly from this book of *Ecclesiastes*, ch. 7. v. 8. ch. 8. v. 11. ch. 10. v. 15. ch. 12. v. 4. &c. So that in short, *Vatablus's* quotations not at all invalidating what I have said, I take **קֹדֶלֶת** for one of *Solomon's* Proper Names, of the same form with **סֹפֶרֶת** and **פֹּכֶרֶת** *Ezr.* 2. 55, 57. and **עֹלְמָה** *2 Chron.* 7. 8. I know there lies an *Objection* against this

this opinion too, viz. that ch. 7. v. 27. of this book it is joined with אמרה, a Verb of the Feminine Gender. But to this I reply, 1. That this is but a *single* instance: for in all other places it hath a Masculine Syntax. Now should an opinion be built upon this one place, or on all the rest? 2. We have seen above, that the *Enallage* of the Gender of a Verb is no very strange thing. 3. It is most probable, that the ה is *misplaced*, and that it should be not אמרה קוהלת, but אמר הקוהלת. For tho Proper Names do not so generally admit of this הא היר'עו; yet sometimes they do: as הארונה 2 Sam. 24. 16. המנשה Josh. 1. 12. &c. And thus it is ch. 12. v. 8. of this book, אמר הקוהלת. I must add here, that tho קוהלת is not well translated, *the Preacher*; yet I have retained, *Ecclesiastes*, as the name of this book, because it is best known by it.

3. I here suppose this Title to be prefixed not by *Solomon* himself, but by *Ezra* and his Assistants, who not only collected the History of the *Patriarchal* and *Jewish* Churches, and methodized the *Prophecies* and other Holy Writings of the Old Testament; but also gave the books, which constitute that Canon of Scripture, their several *Titles*. So that it is as much, as if it had been said, *These are Words, which we Ezra and the rest of the Great Synagogue have found to be Koheleth's the Son of David, &c. and therefore have put them into the Holy Canon.* For this reason, it coming from anothers and not from *Solomon's* own hand, I have represented it to his praise and advantage.

4. These words, *King in Jerusalem*, in strictness perhaps ought to be referred to *Koheleth* or *Solomon*; yet they may too be allowed to relate to the next preceding word, i. e. *David*, for these reasons.

First, because *David* was the first that entirely conquered *Jerusalem*, and made it the Seat of his Kingdom, and therefore seems most properly to claim this Title. Secondly, because *Solomon* was born to *David* when he was King in *Jerusalem*; and therefore this may be added to distinguish him from those Sons, that were born to *David*, when he was only King in *Hebron*. Thirdly, because whatever is to be said of *Solomon* as King in *Jerusalem* may be more pertinently brought in at v. 12. of this Chapter: and therefore since *David*'s memory may be a little more emphatically celebrated here without wrong to his Son, it can be no great fault to do it.

5. *הבל* seems sometimes to imply a notion of Lying or Deceitfulness; and so it is used as synonymous to *כזב* and *שקר*, a Lie; as, *Pf.* 62. 9. and *Prov.* 31. 30. Sometimes again it seems to import want either of Solidity or Duration, that is, something of the nature of a Vapour. Thus the Psalmist speaking of Man's days and his age, says, He is altogether *הבל* or Vanity, *Psal.* 39. 5. which St. James expresses by saying, *Our life is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time*, *Jam.* 4. 14. And that phrase *הבל נרף* in *Prov.* 21. 6. is a vapour driven to and fro, an empty design that wicked men practise upon one another. And so also *הבל* in Chaldee and *הבל* in Syriack signify a Vapour or Breath. I have taken in both these thoughts, which together perhaps give the full signification of the word, and are very proper here: for Worldly things are deceitful, because (tho they appear taking) they are neither substantial nor durable.

6. The Verb, from whence *יָרָוּ* is derived, in those Conjugations, in which it is used in the Bible, is, *to leave or be left*; and thence it comes

to be, to abound; and thence again it rises higher, and signifies to excel in general, &c. and from any of these יָתֵרֹן may receive a not impertinent interpretation. But among the Syrians we find יָתֵר in the Conjugation Peal, denoting, to gain or obtain; as, אֲנִי עָלְמָא כְּלָה נָאֲתֵר Mark 8. 36. and methinks this lets us the most directly into a true signification of יָתֵרֹן, which the English Version turns well by the word, profit.

7. עָמַל is not always labour in an illimited sense; but very often only labour, that is culpable. So it is used twice in Hab. 1. for v. 3. it is joined with אֲנִי; and v. 13. it is what God cannot look upon. And so it must be used here. For there is a labour, which is not only lawful, but our duty, and (howe're it succeeds here) certainly profitable too: as, when men in sincerity propound good ends to their labours, the manifestation of God's glory, the improvement of their own Souls by vertue and knowledge, or the obtaining such circumstances as may enable them to serve God cheerfully, to provide conveniently for their Families, decently to discharge that share of public business which belongs to their Station, and upon occasion readily to relieve those that want: and when these ends are prosecuted with resignation to God and dependance upon him for success, with such strict justice as shall in no regard trespass upon any other man, and with such moderation as consists with that duty we owe to our selves too. The labour therefore intended here must be the labour of them, that propound wrong ends, the humouring their covetous inclination, or procuring an opportunity to gratify their lust, or luxury, or pride, or levity, or the like; and then prosecute these ends by vertue of their own strength or policy without any sense of

God or his Providence, not distinguishing between Right and Wrong, nor sparing perhaps themselves in some instances much more than their Neighbours. In short, it is the *labour* of one that is *merely* a Creature of this World, and looks no further. For this produces no true profit or advantage.

8. I have rendered *חולך*, *returns*, not, *goes*, as in the *English*. First because the *Hebrews* having no Compound Verbs, the Simple stand for the Compound too, when their Construction or the circumstances of the Sentence require. So that *חולך* is not only, *ivit*, but, *adivit*, *abivit*, *exivit*, *præivit*, *rediiit*, &c. And thus it signifies *to return* in that, *והלכת לאחור* *Deut. 16. 7.* Secondly, tho it be common I suppose in all Languages to say men that are dead, are *gone*; because the phrase is intelligible enough without adding any more; yet in truth it is a *defective* saying; since of necessity some place must be understood, to which they go. This defect we cannot better fill up than by observing *Solomon's* own mode of speaking, *ch. 3. v. 20.* where he says, *All go unto one place*; i. e. the Dust or the Earth. Now, as he says there, since *all are of the dust*, *all return to the dust*; their going is properly a *returning*. Thirdly, without this sense of the word the following *Simile's* of the Sun, and the Wind, and the Rivers, *returning* to the same place again, are not very proper.

9. After all the various accounts of *עולם*, it in truth signifies a *duration* or *time*, whose length is *נעלם* or *hid from us*, of which we know, either not the beginning, or not the end, or perhaps neither. Thus, with respect to time past, *האורה עולם* *Job 22. 15.* is that way, which wicked men have troden time out of mind: and *גבול עולם* is the Land-mark, that

hath

hath stood for immemorial time. With respect to future time, many of the *Jewish Statutes* are called חקי עולם because they were to continue to that unknown period, when Christ should abolish them: Samuel was brought to the House of the Lord to abide there ער עולם, for that unknown time he was to live, 1 Sam. 1. 22. and Ex. 21. 6. the Servant there was to serve his Master לעולם, i. e. till his Master should please to manumit him, or it may be till his Master died, or till he died himself, or till the next Jubile, if that came first; which was an unknown term of Servitude. And with respect to both, Abraham calls God אל עולם Gen. 21. 33. A God, of whose beginning or end he knew nothing; which, tho in strictness it does not express eternity, yet might serve for it in those simple and less Philosophical ages; or however in Abraham's judgment was enough to distinguish him from the false Gods; from that host of them in the Heavens, the Sun, Moon, and Stars, of whose Creation Abraham could not be ignorant; and from those Idols, whose beginning was known, or at least whose end might by an easie experiment. This signification of עולם I have pitched upon, First, because this place requires it. For it is not true, that the Earth abideth to Eternity. Secondly, because (as appears from the foregoing instances) it may easily be accommodated to all other places, where this word is used. Thirdly, because it removes that insufferable uncertainty of signification, which Lexicographers have put upon עולם, making it sometimes to denote infinite duration, and sometimes the quite contrary, that which is not infinite; sometimes eternity, and sometimes again no more than the span of human life. For at this

rate, if one and the same word may signify two contraries, Language serves not to inform, but to amuse or seduce us. *Fourthly*, because it flows *naturally* from the Root, which signifies, *to hide*.

10. There are not a few, that make הוֹלֵךְ in the front of this Verse, and טוֹבב that follows presently after, to agree with הַשֶּׁשׁ in the former Verse: and then the sense is, *That the Sun goes to the Southern Tropic, and returns to the Northern*. But the other opinion, which makes those words to agree with הַרוּחַ, is much to be preferred. *First*, because in the preceding Verse he hath *completely* said as much of the Sun, as he had occasion for. *Secondly*, because הוֹלֵךְ טוֹבב טוֹבב in the middle of this Verse seem only to be a *repetition* of that הוֹלֵךְ and טוֹבב in the beginning, to denote the restlessness and inconstancy of the motion of the Wind: and yet they evidently agree with הַרוּחַ.

11. This word יָנַע in those two or three other places, where it occurs, signifies *weary* or *tired out*: but here by a Metonymy it must signify that quality, which is the effect of weariness, i. e. *weak* and *unable* to do those things for us, which men expect from them, deficient and not capable of satisfying us, נִלְאִים נִלְאִים as *Aben Ezra* explains it. For, *first*, this interpretation is most agreeable to the design of the place; and is perhaps more properly premised to the instances following, [*The Eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the Ear filled with hearing*] than any other that can be named. *Secondly*, as to our *English Version* particularly, which renders the word, *full of labour*, that

that signification is *no where* to be found. *Thirdly*, neither in this place is it *true*. For all things are not full of labour : there are such things as idleness, and luxury, and pleasure, which tho men may labour to obtain, yet are not called *labour* themselves ; tho the means in the way to them may be full of labour, yet they are not said to be so. But these and all other Worldly things may be said to be *impotent* and *unable* to give the satisfaction looked for.

12. It must be noted here, that many do make *Solomon* from this place to the end of the first half of the Book, to dispute in order against four things, that principally put in their claim to Blessedness and the title of Chief good, *viz.* Knowledge, Pleasure, Power, and Riches ; and tell us, that from this 12th Verse to the end of this Chapter, is the Section levelled against the first of these, and that therefore it relates all of it and *only* to Knowledge. But from these men I crave leave to dissent ; *First*, because this method I am almost confident cannot be *made out* without a great deal of force to the Text. *Secondly*, I cannot imagine *Solomon* intended *directly* to dispute against Knowledge ; unless I could be persuaded too, that by having too much of it he was grown mad (as was once fancied of *St. Paul*). For this is our chief fence and remedy against the Vanities of this World : this both teaches us how to obtain the felicities of that to come, and makes us more capable recipients of them : and this is that, which *Solomon* himself elsewhere so highly magnifies, which he bids us *incline our ear to, apply our heart to, cry after,*
list

lift up our voice for, seek as silver, and search for as hid treasure, &c. Thirdly, he speaks plainly of all things done under the Sun; that he had sought and searched into them; and that he had found them all to be Vanity. I take this Section therefore to be a general Testimony of Solomon's concerning Worldly acquests, which he premises here to a more particular one that follows in the next Chapter, and in which he is so universal and earnest, that he is ready indeed to fall upon Knowledge it self, telling us, that even it can hardly be excepted, but has a tincture of Vanity too, since it is often not only prostituted to evil and Worldly ends, but even the best of it attended with some trouble and disappointments: but I cannot think he designed to make Knowledge the direct object of any part of his Satyr.

13. I have put down two significations of לענות בו, not knowing indeed which to prefer. For, first, both have good reasons on their side. The first, to be exercised with it, is abetted by several Versions and Commentators, particularly Rashi, who expounds it by, להתנהג בו; by its relation to the word ענין in the same sentence; and by the use of ענה among the Syrians, who it is likely had it from the Hebrews. And therefore it is remarkable, that as the Septuagint turns בו לענות here by τὸ πειρασθῆναι ἐν αὐτῷ; so Luk. 10. 40. Ἡ δὲ Μαρίαν πειρασθεὶς is turn'd by the Syriac Testament, מרתה דין עניה דות. The other signification also, to be humbled with it, has the Suffrages of many, and (which is more,) the use of the word in Scripture I believe for it too. Thus I doubt not but that בענין וענה גאון ישראל in Hos. 5. 5. ought to be translated, And the pride of Israel shall be humbled before

fore him, i. e. in the presence of that Lord, whom they in the former Verse did not know or had rejected. For not only the most Translations understand it so; but the scope of the place requires this sense. Secondly, both have the same tendency. For they that interpret the word of being exercised and employed, yet mean such business as is attended with much trouble, which to be sure must tend to deject and humble folks.

14. רעות רוח hath four several accounts to be given of it. First, some make רעות the same with רעיון, and so interpret it *thoughtfulness of Spirit*; which perhaps is that, which the Seventy call *ὑπολογισμὸν πνεύματος*, that *carefulness of Soul*, when men beforehand choose and consult about their affairs. Secondly, some again deduce it from רעע or רע, and translate it, *breaking of Spirit*; as the Author of the Targum does, תבירות רוחא. Thirdly, others derive its signification from רעה, and construe it, *eating or preying upon the Spirit*, The Syriac טורפא דרוחא, and our English, *vexation of Spirit* seem to include all these. Fourthly, but there, are others that alter the signification of רוח, taking it to denote, *the wind or air*; and so make the sense, *feeding upon air*. And the truth is, this is very natural and most certainly a Jewish phrase. Hof. 12. 1. אפרים רועה רוח ונו Ephraim feedeth on wind, and followeth after the East-wind. But because none of these are very distant from the design of the Author, I have kept to the English Version in the Paraphrase; and in the Poem, where I had occasion to touch upon these words at all, I have taken that sense of them, which first came to my thoughts.

15. חכמה is sometimes *Wisdom*, i. e. *Knowledge* $\alpha\lambda\epsilon\gamma\sigma\chi\omega$ and properly so called: But here it should rather be turned, *Knowledge in general*. First, because v. 13, 17. it seems to be *Speculation* about the natures of things and opinions of Mankind. Secondly, because both here and v. 16. it is used as Synonymous to דעת, which is *Knowledge in general*. Thirdly, because it is false, that in much *Wisdom* or *Prudence* there is much *grief*. No man ever receives grief or trouble by the wise choice of good ends, and proper means leading to them. But of *Knowledge not thus limited* it is true, that there is a great deal of trouble both in getting and keeping it; altho it be true also, that men may be sufficiently recompensed for this trouble by the advantages, which their intellectual faculties and their *Vertue* are capable of receiving from this attainment.

16. This is a common signification of the word טוב; as, for instance, in that trite phrase, עשה דטוב בעיניך, *Do what seemeth good or proper in your eyes*.

17. This place must be understood of *drunkenness*; First, because the expression imports as much. For according to the true Grammatical construction of it, למשוך בין את בשרי is, *to extend my flesh with wine*; by which no moderate quantity can be meant. Secondly, otherwise this had been no new Experiment. For without doubt this great King of *Israel* had tasted a glass of Wine with moderation often enough before this.

18. This Parentthesis ולבי נודג בחכמה Rabbi S. Jarchi expounds thus, אף אם בשרי נמשך בין, מתגלגל בחכמה וכו' *tho my body was extended with wine, yet my mind as it were rolled it self about, i. e. exercised it self in wisdom, &c.* And this exposition I suppose may proceed from the

the more modern acceptation of נהג, *to accustom or use ones self to any thing*. But no such signification of the word appears to have been known in the Scripture times. Our *English Translation* is a kin to this; if not something worse. For how נהג comes to signify, *acquainting*; or how *Solomon* could be said to get acquaintance with wisdom (by which I suppose is meant improving himself in it), when he was given up to drinking and excess; are things not easie to be comprehended. *Aben Ezra* says, נהג פועל יוצא והפעול חסר וענינו בחכמה that נהג is the Participle of a Transitive Verb, whose Accusative is wanting, but is thus to be supplied by the word דבריו, and my heart conducted its words with wisdom. But this is a precarious Ellipsis, and not pertinent neither. The *Chaldee* and *Greek* render it, ולבי דבר בחוכמתא, and, ἡ καρδία μου ἐν σοφίᾳ, seeming to understand אותי, and to make the sense, and my heart led me in knowledge, or, according to knowledge. This sense is indeed plain, and agreeable both to the business in hand, and the general use of the word in the Bible. But I must add, that there is no necessity to understand this אותי neither. For נהג often involves its own Accusative case by reflecting a reciprocal signification upon the Person it agrees with: as, 2 Kings 9. 20. בשגעון ינהג, he drives himself, or comes on furiously: and so here, my heart נהג, led it self, or led me, i. e. went on according to knowledge, &c. For whether נהג respects לבי all together, or the Affix of the first Person only; the difference is not considerable.

19. What שדרה ושררה means is a Riddle not to be unfolded by any mortal *Oedipus*. Interpretations are so various, and all of them so wild and

and extravagant ; that for want of a *better*, I have kept to the *English* Translation.

20. *עמד לי* or *היה לי* signifies, *he was on my side*, i. e. *he assisted me*: as we say in *English*, *he was for me*, or, *he stood to me* ; or as in *Latin*, *pro me stetit*. The Verb indeed is often omitted ; as, *יהיה לי* *Pf.* 118. 6. but *Dan.* 11. 17. we find both *היה* and *עמד* expressed, *ולא תעמוד ולא לו תהיה*. The phrase was perhaps originally Military, and taken from the Wars ; but metaphorically it may be applied to any thing else ; as particularly here to *Solomon's Knowledge*, which assisted him in his pursuit after pleasures, in these words, *אף חכמתי עמדה לי*. And therefore the *Targum* paraphrases them thus, *ברם חכמתי קטת לי והיא סיעת יתי* : and the *Seventy* render them, *ἐν σοφίᾳ μου ἐλάττωσάν με*, that is, *ἐν σοφίᾳ μου*, the simple Verb being put for the Compound after the *Hebrew* manner, which the *Hellenistical Dialect* is very well known to imitate.

21. See Note 9.

22. *כשר* signifies, *to go on directly towards the end propounded, to prosper, or succeed* ; as ch. 11. v. 6. of this Book, *In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand : for thou knowest not whether יכשר shall prosper, &c.* Hence *כשרון* is *prosperity, or success* ; and should be so translated here, ch. 4. v. 4. and ch. 5. v. 10 ; which are the only places, in which it is to be found,

23. *אין טוב באדם שאכל וגו.* understood as a Proposition is, quite contrary to our Version, *It is not good for a man, that he should eat, &c.* But if it be understood as a Question, it is, *Is it not good for a man that he should eat, &c.* And thus our

our Translators took it, notwithstanding the *Erotematic* η be wanting (which sometimes happens); and from thence proceeded to make it a more vehement Affirmation, *There is nothing better for a man than that he should eat, &c.* I think this is too much; and that the Interrogation had better been retained. But I only mention this to observe the partiality of them, who swallow this Translation easily; but abominate the same, or less liberty in that Version of the *Psalms* in our *Liturgy*, *Pf. 105. 28.* and therefore I omit all the other many Criticisms, that relate to this Text.

24. I beg liberty here to read חוץ ממנו , not ממנו , as in the ordinary Copies. *First*, because the sense can no other way be made so coherent and proper. *Secondly*, because I perceive the *Seventy* read it so, $\text{ὅτι τις τὰς ἀρχαίαις καὶ τις πλείαις πόλεξ ἀποξ}$; Other Translations also follow the same reading. But if any one, that allows this reading, should yet demand further, how חוץ ממנו comes to signify *without him*; I answer, that indeed I do not remember I ever met with this phrase in any other place of the Bible; that therefore it admits of nothing but conjecture; but that the sense I have put upon it is most probable, since it suits best both with the design of this place, and with the use of the word חוץ in other. For it signifies generally, *abroad*, or, *at a distance*; as, *Deut. 23. 12.* *Thou shalt have a place also* מחוץ למחנה , *abroad with respect to the Camp, or, out of the Camp, whither thou shalt go forth* חוץ *abroad, to some distance, &c.* And so here, *Who can eat, or who can hasten hereunto* חוץ ממנו *as it were abroad from him, or at a distance from him, that is (as it seems to me), without him.*

25. *זמן* is no where else to be found among the Holy Writings, but the Books of the Captivity (as they are called); and there it most plainly signifies *an appointed or determined time*. Now there being no authority nor necessity to alter its signification, the meaning of *זמן* will be, That God hath appointed to all kind of events certain times or seasons, out of which no human industry *by it self* can produce those events, and beyond which it cannot make them last. This he hath done either by the *established nature* of things, which makes them incapable of being but under suitable circumstances and respects to other things; or by those *particular and direct decrees* which have marked out the revolutions of Churches and Kingdoms (as appears from the Prophecies relating to many of them), and even the more general strokes of particular mens lives, the time and place of their living [*Acts* 17. 26.] their condition whether to honour or dishonour [*Rom.* 9. 21.] &c. This is a strong argument against the excessive labours of *Worldly men*; since they are neither certain of having success, nor of enjoying long that which they have. But (which ought to be observed) this is no argument against regular and laudable industry: because God being with the pious Labourers, he will either direct them to hit upon the right seasons; or it may be over-rule for their sake the course of things; or at least, if their prosperity interferes with any of his decrees (as we know it very often hath), he will abundantly recompense in a *better World* their sufferings and want of success in *this*.

26. עת is commonly rendered *tempus opportunum, idoneum*, or the like; but seems to have something more of the signification of עת in it, and to denote often not so much opportunity of time, as the limitation of it to such and such purposes and events. Thus עת רעה and עת צרה Jer. 15. 11. are, not a time opportune or convenient for evil and affliction (for no men ever expressed themselves so, as if they thought any time opportune or convenient for affliction), but the time when God had determined to bring evil and affliction upon the Jews. This part of the verse therefore is but a repetition of the former: and each of them confirms the sense of the other.

27. I take אבנים here for Precious Stones; First, because אבן is used in this sense Exod. 28. 11. where אבן חרש is an Engraver of Precious Stone, not a Carver of Stone in general. Secondly, Because if the word be understood of Common Stone, this thought will be much the same with that in the later part of the third verse before.

28. לקרוע is for בנדים לקרוע, i.e. to rent cloaths, as particularly upon the death of Relations and Friends. For otherwise the instance seems too trivial.

29. This saying נתן בלבם את העולם has perplexed Interpreters with as little reason, as success. For take the words, as they lie, in their common acceptation, and they make an elegant proper sense, — he hath given, or, placed a hidden duration in the midst of them, or in them, i. e. every thing mentioned in the sentence before. Thus all know נתן is used: thus I have shewed already [Note 9.] העולם is generally to be understood: thus according to the Hebrew idiom בלב is frequently

taken: and thus the Plural Affix joyned to it by a *Synthesis* common to all Languages may relate to that Collective Noun **נָדָר** in the former part of the Verse. In short, as *Pf.* 4. 7. **נָתַתָּה שְׂמֵחָה בְּלִבִּי**, is, *thou hast placed joy in my heart, or in the midst of me, or in me, i. e. thou hast given me joy, or thou hast made me to rejoyce; so, he hath placed a hidden duration in the heart of them, or in them, is natuaally and plainly, he hath given them an unknown duration, or, he hath made them to endure for unknown periods.*

30. Commentators generally apply **נָדָר** to Time, which they understand here. But then they divide about it again; some making it to signifie the *present*, some the *past*, and some the *future* time. To me it seems better to understand it of none of these, but of that *thing* or end, which is pursued by God in these vicissitudes, *If.* 51. 1. **רוּפֵי צֶדֶק** are they that pursue after righteousness, and make that the end of their designs: so here **נָדָר** is the thing which is aimed at.

31. **שָׁם** signifies, *then*, as well as, *there*: and so here it denotes that time, when God shall judge the righteous and the wicked; as it is said just before he will. *Aben Ezra* tells us also, that in the other signification, *there*, **עֵינֵי שָׁם רְמוּ לְעוֹלָם הָבָא**, *this word points out to us the future State, without relating to any thing; as, in that of Job, Naked shall I return thither [שָׁמָּה] to that place, of which all men know without saying any more.*

32. See Note 22.

33. **עָמַל** is a *Generical* word, and yet sometimes stands for some particular sort of labour. It is both good and bad labour; and yet *Ch.* 1. v. 3. it

it is only that which is *bad* (see Note 7.) So again I suppose it is the *labour* both of *body* and *mind*; and yet here it relates only to the *mind*. For in the Verse before the Envious Fool is said to *fold up his hands*; and therefore it cannot be understood of his *bodily labour*, but of the *labouring* and vexation of a Spirit disturbed with envy.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

THE Reader is desired to excuse some small Errours of the Press, such as these:

1. The omission of a Quotation or two in the Margin of the Epistle to the Reader. For p. 10. over against l. 15. should be, *Ibid.* and p. 14. over against l. 24. should be, *Fuv. S. 1. v. 45, &c.*

2. The misspelling or altering of a few Words: as, p. 15. l. 27. *Statute*, for, *Statuere*: p. 16. l. 15. and, for, *et*: p. 23. v. 4. *Ecco*, for, *Echo*: p. 51. v. 4. *more*, for, *hence*: p. 57. v. 19. *leafs*, for, *leaves*: p. 60. v. 2. *led*, for, *lead*: p. 98. v. 9. *as*, for, *a*: p. 110. v. 1. *Woofe*, for, *Whole*: p. 144. l. 28. *וחנל*, for, *וחכל*, &c.

3. Mistakes in the distinction of Sentences, or their members, especially by inserting *Comma's* where there ought to be none; Small letters often put for Capital, and *vice versa*; sometimes too it may be *Roman Characters*, where *Italian* might be expected, or *Italian*, where *Roman*; Notes of abbreviation generally omitted in the *Hebrew*; and such other little things, which either are of no moment, or easily corrected.

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